

MERRY ENGLAND.

MAY, 1889.

An Overshadowing.

THE sky was all aglow,
And slowly and more slow,
The Passion Flower swayed above the window-sill ;
And as yet the night was young,
And the moon was scarcely slung,
But all the stars were shining and the land was very still.

In a corner of the room,
Like a star within the gloom,
The great white Lily gleamed with a sudden threefold light ;
And it bowed its stately head
As she passed with silent tread,
And drew aside the curtain and looked into the night.

And never stars in skies
Had such depth as her twain eyes,
And all a summer's sunshine was tangled in her hair ;
All silent there she stood
In her peerless maidenhood,
And the very stars grew brighter at seeing her so fair.

The Passion Flower down slips
Until it sweeps her lips
And opens all its petals as if to greet the light ;
And the Lily's languorous scent
Floated round her as she leant,
As she leant from out the casement and looked into the night.

Then she spake in accents clear :
" Yea, the time draws very near
When the watchers by Thine altars shall see a wondrous thing ;
And a fire is in mine eyes,
And my heart leaps up and cries
Thou art coming, oh Messias, Thou art coming, oh my King.

" Yet the seasons wax and wane,
And I lift mine eyes in vain,
And I cannot hear thy footsteps, my Adored ;
Thou shalt search, but can'st not find
Midst the daughters of mankind,
Any maiden meet to be the Mother of her Lord."

Lo! the East all ruddy glows
With an inmost heart of rose,
And the needles of the pines are black against the sky ;
And the high triumphant song
Rolls the starry fields along,
And beside the water-courses the aspens shake and sigh.

Yet with sweet and steadfast eyes
Did she watch the opening skies,
For she knew the hour was coming that should make her life
complete ;
And her heart kept murmuring
" He is coming, oh my King,
He is coming, the Messias, and I shall kiss His feet."

And behold, about her head
Seven stars their glory shed,
And the rush of mighty wings was in the air
And the broadening glory rolled
And enwrapped her fold on fold,
And her hands were clasped together as she bent her head in
prayer.

Then on her spirit fell
Such a joy ineffable,
And all about her feet the waves of glory roll ;
And no mortal eye might see
How, in awful mystery,
The Spirit of the Godhead o'ershadowed all her soul.

Mother Anna from the stair
Called her child to evening prayer,
And the moonlight broadened slowly across the field and wood ;
Heaven's light was on her face
As she meekly took her place,
And in her eyes was shining the light of motherhood.

ALBERT FLEMING.

Daybreak.

CHAPTER I.

"O jewel in the lotos : amen !"

A WIDE, slow whitening of the east, a silent stealing away of shadows, a growing radiance before which the skies receded into ineffable heights of pale blue and gleaming silver, and a March day came blowing in with locks of gold, and kindling glances, and girdle of gold, and golden sandals over the horizon. Louis Granger, standing in the open window of his chamber in Boston, laughed as he looked in the face of the morning, and stretched out his hands and cried, "Backsheesh, O Howadji !"

Not many streets distant, another pair of eyes looked into the brightening east, but saw no gladness there. Margaret Hamilton remembered that it was her twenty-fifth birthday, and that she had cried herself to sleep the night before, thinking of it. But she would not remember former birthdays, celebrated by father, mother, and sisters, before they had died, one after one, and left her alone and aghast before the world. This, and some other memories still more recent, she put out of sight ; and, since they would not stay without force, she held them out of sight. One who has to do this is haunted.

The woman looked haunted. Her eyes were unnaturally bright and alert, and shadows had settled beneath them ; her cheeks were worn thin ; her mouth compressed itself in closing. At twenty-five she looked thirty-five. And yet Miss Hamilton was meant for a beauty—one of the brilliant kind, with clear

grey eyes, and a creamy pallor contrasting with profuse black hair. The beautiful head was well set; something vivid and spirited in the whole air of it. Her height was only medium, but she had the carriage of a Jane de Montford, and there were not wanting those who would have described her as tall. While she looked gloomily out, a song she had heard somewhere floated up in her mind:—

“The years they come, and the years they go,
Like winds that blow from sea to sea;
From dark to dark they come and go,
All in the dew-fall and the rain.”

It was like a dreary bitter wind sobbing about the chimneys when the storm is rising. She turned hastily from the window, and began counting the hideous phantoms of bouquets on the cheap wall-paper, thinking that they might be the lost souls of flowers that had been wicked in life; roses that had tempted, and lilies that had lied. The room, she found, was sixteen bouquets long, and fourteen-and-a-half wide.

When her eyes began to ache with this employment, she took up a book, and, opening it at random, read:—

“A still small voice said unto me,
‘Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?’”

Was everything possessed to torment her? She dropped the book, and looked about in search of distraction. In the window opposite her stood her little easel with a partly finished cabinet photograph on it; a man's face, with bushy whiskers, round eyes, an insignificant nose, the expression full of a weak fierceness, superficially fell and determined, as though a lamb should try to look like a lion. One eye was sharply finished; and, as Margaret glanced at the picture, this stared at her in so grotesque and threatening a manner, that she burst into a nervous laugh.

“I must turn your face to the wall, Cyclops, till I can give you another eye,” she said, suiting the action to the word.

A pile of unfinished photographs lay on a table near. She looked them over with an expression of weariness. "O the eyes, and noses, and mouths! Why will people so misuse the sunbeams? And this insane woman who refuses to be toned down with Indian ink, but will have colours to all the curls, and frizzles, and bows and ends, and countless fly-away things she has on her! She looks now more like an accident than a woman. When the colours are put in, she will be a calamity. Only one face among them pleases me—this pretty dear." Selecting the picture of a lovely child, Margaret looked at it with admiring eyes. "So sweet! I wish I had her here this moment with her eyes, and her curls, and her mouth."

A sigh broke through the faint smile. There seemed to be a thorn under everything she touched. Laying the picture down, she busied herself in her room, opened drawers and closets and set them in order; gathered the few souvenirs yet remaining to her—letters, photographs, locks of hair—and piled them all into the grate. One folded paper she did not open, but held an instant in fingers that trembled as they clung; then, moaning faintly, threw it on to the pyre. Inside that paper were two locks of hair—both silver-threaded—twined as the two lives had been; her father's and her mother's.

The touch of a match, and the smoke of her sacrifice curled up into the morning sky. Then, again, she came to a standstill, and looked about for something to do.

"I cannot work," she said. "My hand is not steady enough, and my eyes are dim. What was it that Beethoven wrote to his friend? 'At times cheerful, then again sorrowful; waiting to see if fate will listen to us.' Suppose I should drop everything, since I am so nerveless, and wait to see what fate will do."

Here again the enemy stood. The picture of waiting that came up before her mind was that of Judge Pyncheon, in the "House of the Seven Gables," sitting and staring blankly as the hours went by—a sight to shriek out at when at length he was

found. With a swift pencil this woman's imagination painted a companion picture: the door of her room opening after days of silence; a curious, frightened face looking in; somebody sitting there cold and patient, with half-open eyes, and not a word of welcome or questioning for the intruder.

A clock outside struck ten. Margaret rose languidly and dressed for a walk, after pausing to rest. Raising her arms to arrange her hair and bonnet, she felt so faint that for a moment she was obliged to lean forward on her dressing-table. At length she was ready, only one duty left unperformed. Miss Hamilton had not said her prayers that morning, and had not even thought of saying them, or of reproaching herself for the omission—a scandalous omission, truly, for the grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. John Hamilton, and daughter of that excellent but somewhat diluted deacon, John Hamilton, his son. But to pray was to remember; and beside, God had forgotten her she thought.

Miss Hamilton was not a Catholic. To her, Christ died eighteen centuries ago, and went to Heaven, and stayed there, only looking and listening down in some vague and far-away manner that was easier to doubt than to believe. The Church into which, at every dawn of day, the Beloved descends with shining pierced feet and hands; with the lips that spoke, and the eyes that saw, and the locks through which had sifted the winds of Olivet and the dews of Gethsemane; with the heart of infinite love and pity, yes, and the soul of infinite power—this Church she knew not. To her it was an abomination. The temples where pain hangs crowned with a dolorous majesty, and where the path of sorrows is also the path of delights, her footsteps had never sought. To her they were temples of idolatry. Therefore, when troubles came upon her, though she faced them intrepidly, it was only with a human courage. What wonder if at last it proved that pain was stronger than she?

With her hand on the latch of the door she paused, then

turned back into her chamber again. The society face she had assumed dropped off; a sigh went shivering over her lips, and with it a half-articulated thought, silly and womanish, "If I had someone to come in here, put an arm around me—I'm so tired!—and say, 'Take courage, dear!' I could bear up yet longer. I could endure to the end, perhaps." A silly thought, but pitiful, being so vain.

Miss Hamilton was not by nature one of those who, as Sir Thomas Browne says, looked askint upon the face of truth. But she had not dared to fully realise her circumstances, lest all courage should die out of her heart. Now you could see that she put aside the last self-delusion, and boldly looked her life in the face. It was Medusa. One of the bravest of soldiers has said that in his first battle he would have been a coward if he had dared. Imagine the eyes of such a fighter, a foe within and a foe without, and but his own right arm and dauntless will between the two! Such eyes had this woman. Of her whole form, only those eyes seemed to live. But for them she might have been Margaret Hamilton's statue.

At length she moved; and going slowly out, held on to the railing in descending the stairs. Out of doors, and down Washington Street, then, taking that direction involuntarily. It was near noon when she found herself in a crowd on Park Street, hastening through it, without caring to inquire what the cause of the gathering was. Coming out presently in front of the State House, and seeing that there was space yet on the steps, she went up them, and took her stand near a gentleman whom she had long known by sight and repute. Mr. Louis Granger also recognised her, and made room quietly placing himself between her and the crowd. Miss Hamilton scarcely noticed the movement: she was used to being attended to.

This gentleman was what might be called fine-looking, and was thoroughly gentlemanly in appearance. He was cast in a

large mould, both form and features, had careless hazel eyes that saw everything, and rather a lounging way with him. Indeed, he owned himself a little lazy, and used laughingly to assert his belief that inertia is a property of mind as well as of matter. It took a good deal to start him; but once started, it took still more to stop him. His age might be anywhere from thirty to forty, the few silver threads in his fine dark hair counting for nothing. You perceived that they had no business whatever there. He was not a man who would catch the eye in a crowd; but once your attention was directed toward him, you felt attracted. The charm of his face depended chiefly on expression; and those who pleased him called Mr. Granger beautiful.

He stood now looking attentively at the lady beside him, finding himself interested in her. Her eyes, that were fixed on the advancing procession, appeared to see no more than if they had been jewels, and her mouth was shut as if it would never open again. The pale temples were hollow, the delicate nostrils were slightly pinched, the teeth seemed to be set hard. He studied her keenly, secure in her perfect abstraction, and marked even the frail hand that clinched, not clasped, the iron railing. Mr. Granger could read as much in a hand as Washington could; and this hand, dazzlingly fair, full-veined, pink-palmed, transparent, dewy, with heart-shaped finger-tips, that looked as though some finer perception were reaching out through the flesh, was to him an epitome of the woman's character.

It was the 17th of March, and the procession in honour of St. Patrick an unusually fine one. It flowed past like a river of colour and music, with many a silken rustling of the flag of their adoption, but everywhere and above all the beautiful green and gold of that most beautiful banner in the world—a banner which speaks not of dominion, but of song and sunshine and the green earth. While other nations, higher-headed, had taken the sun, the star, the crescent, the eagle, or the lion for an

emblem, or with truer loftiness, had raised the cross as their ensign, this people with a sweetness and humility all the more touching that it was unconscious, bent to search in the grasses, and smilingly and trustfully held up a shamrock as their symbol. Those had no need to inscribe the cross upon their escutcheon, who, in the face of the world, bore it in their faithful hearts, and upon their bowed and lacerated shoulders. A pathetic spectacle—a countless procession of exiles; yet, happily for them, the generous land that gave them a home grew no dark willows to rust their harp-strings. The music was, of course, chiefly Irish airs; but one band in passing struck up “Sweet Home.”

Margaret started at the sound, and looked about for escape. She could not listen to that. Happening to glance upward, she saw a company of ladies and gentlemen in the balcony over the portico. Governor A—— was there, leaning on the railing and looking over. He caught her glance, and beckoned. Margaret immediately obeyed the summons, getting herself in hand all the way, and came out on the balcony with another face than that she had worn below. She had put on a smile; some good fairy had added a faint blush, and Miss Hamilton was presentable. The Governor met her with a hearty smile and clasp of the hand. “I am glad to see you,” he said; “will you stand here, or take that seat Mr. Sinclair is offering you?”

“Yes, Sir,” he exclaimed, as Margaret turned away, continuing his conversation with a gentleman beside him, “the English treatment of the Irish is a clear case of cussedness.”

“Our good chief magistrate is slightly idiomatic at times,” remarked a lady near by.

A poetess stood in the midst of a group of gentlemen, who looked at her while she looked at the procession. “It is Arethusa, that bright stream,” she said with soft eagerness. “Pursued and threatened at home, it has crept through shadowy ways, and leaped to light in a new land.”

Margaret approached Mr. Sinclair, who sat apart, and who made room for her beside him. Even now she noticed the splendid beauty of this man in whom every physical attraction was perfected. Mr. Maurice Sinclair might have posed for a Jupiter; but an artist would scarcely have taken him for a model of the Prince of the Apostles. He was superbly made, with a haughty, self-conscious beauty; his full, bold eyes were of a light neutral tint impossible to describe, so transparent were they, so dazzling their lustre; and his face was delicately smooth and nobly-featured. One could scarcely regret that the long moustache curling away from his mouth, then drooping below his chin, and the thick hair pushed back from his forehead were of silvery whiteness. It did not seem to be decay but perfection. Mr. Sinclair used to say that his head had blossomed. He smiled as Miss Hamilton stepped slowly toward him, the smile of a man entirely pleased with himself.

"Own now," he said, "that you are wishing to be Irish for the nonce, that you might feel the full effervescence of the occasion."

She shook her head listlessly.

Mr. Sinclair perceived that she needed to be amused. "See the Governor wave his handkerchief!" he said. "That man has been born twice: once into Massachusetts, and the second time into all creation."

She glanced at the object of his remarks, noting anew his short, rotund figure, his round head with all its crow's-nest of black ringlets, his prompt, earnest face that could be so kind. "There isn't a drop of mean blood in his veins," she said. "He is one of those rare men in whom feeling and principle go hand in hand."

Mr. Sinclair gave his shoulders a just perceptible shrug. "Do you know all the people here?" he asked, observing that Margaret looked searchingly over the company. "Let me play Helen on the walls of Troy, and point out the notables whom you do not know. That antique-cameo-faced gentleman whom

you are looking at now is the Rev. Mr. Southard. He is misnamed of course. He should be called after something boreal. Does he not make you shiver? He lives with my cousin, whom I saw you standing beside down there. Louis likes him, or pretends to. Mr. Southard is not so much a modern minister, as a theological reminiscence. He belongs among the crop-heads; I have somewhere heard that he was a wild lad, and is now doing penance. It is likely. One doesn't bar a sheep-fold as one does a prison. He appears to be a little off guard now, for a breath he seems to have forgotten predestination. When he looks like that, I am always reminded of something pagan. He'd be horrified, of course, if he knew it. Mark that Olympian look of painless melancholy, and the blue, motionless eye. What a cold, marble face he has! Being too polished to retain heat, he remains unmoved in the midst of enthusiasm. That's philosophy, isn't it? He is one of those who fancy that ceasing to be human they become superhuman. They mistake the prefix, that's all. But Mr. Southard bristles with virtues. I must own that I never knew a man so forgiving toward other people's enemies."

"I know Mr. Southard well by reputation," Margaret interrupted, rather warmly. "He is human, of course, and so, fallible; but every mountain in his soul is a Sinai!"

"Oh! he has his good points," Mr. Sinclair admitted, tranquilly. "I have known him to be surprised into a glorious laugh, for which, to be sure, he probably beat himself afterwards; and he has a temper that peeps out now and then in a delightfully human fashion. I have detected in him, too, a carnal weakness for French chocolate, and a taste for pictures, even the pictures of the Babylonians. Once I saw him stand five minutes before a faded old painting of Botticelli's; I believe it was a virgin standing between two little boys who leaned to kiss each other, a hand of hers on either head. I don't condemn the man *in toto*. I like his faults; but I detest his virtues!"

"That stout, consequential person with his chin in his cravat who, as Suckling says of Sir Toby Mathews, is always whispering, nothing into somebody's ear, is Mr. Ex-Councilman Smith. He was thrown to the surface at the time of the Know-Nothing ebullition, and when that was over, was skimmed off with the rest of 'em. He considers himself a statesman, and looks forward with prophetic goggle eyes to the time when his party shall be again in the ascendant. He comes here to nurse his wrath, and I haven't a doubt that he feels as though this procession were marching down his throat. He used to be a joiner, then a house-builder, then he got to be a house-owner. Twenty years ago, my Aunt Betsey, who lives in the country, paid him two dollars to build a trellis for her grape-vine, and he did it so well that she gave him his dinner after the family had got through. Now he has a mansion near hers that dwarfs her cottage to a birdcage. His place is really fine, grounds worth looking at, and a stone house with bronze lions at the door. I don't know what he has lions there for, unless to indicate that Snug the joiner lives within. I'm not afraid of 'em. You've never heard of him here; but out there he is tremendous. 'Imposteur à la Mecque, et prophète à Médine.'

"Still there are people even here who blow about him. Psaphon's birds, of course, fed on Smith's oats. He hates me because he thinks that I laugh at him; but I don't doubt that it soothes his soul to know that the roses on his carpets are twice as large as those on mine, and that he has ten pictures to my one. The first thing you see when the vestibule door opens is a row of portraits, ten of 'em, Smith and his wife, and eight children. Ames painted 'em, and he must have had the nightmare regularly till they were done. They are larger than life, and their eyes move. I am positive that they move. I guess there are little strings behind the canvas. There they hang and stare at you, till you wish they were hanged by the necks. The first time I went there, I shook

my fist at 'em behind Smith's back, and he caught me at it. I couldn't help it. The spectacle is enough to excite any man's worst feelings. The parlour walls are covered with landscapes painted from a cow's point of view, strong in grass and clover, with pleasant drinking-places, and large trees to stand under when the sun gets high. I never see such trees and water in nature, but I daresay the cows do. My wife and I dined there once. The eight children sat in two detachments and ate black Hamburg grapes, skins and all; and the peaches were brought in polished like apples. My wife got into such a giggle that she nearly strangled. I see, you sharp-eyed Bedouin, you want to remind me that I have eaten of this man's salt. True, but he made it as bitter as any that Dante ever tasted.

"That sober, middle-aged man in a complete suit of pepper and salt, hair and all, is Mr. Ames, the member from N——, Polliwog Ames they call him, from his great speech. Is it possible you have never heard of it? It was the speech of the session. Someone had introduced a Bill asking an appropriation of ten thousand dollars towards building a new museum of natural history. There was a little palaver on the subject, then Ames got up. All winter nothing had been heard from him but the scriptural yea and nay; so, of course, every one was attentive. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'while thousands of men, women, and children, in the city, and tens of thousands in the commonwealth, are hungry to-day, and will be hungry to-morrow, and are and will be too poor to buy food; while paupers are crowding our almshouses, and beggars are swarming in our streets; while all this poverty is staring us in the face, and putting to us the problem, 'How are we to be fed, and clothed, and sheltered, and kept from crime, and taught to read and to pray?' it would seem to me, Gentlemen, an unnecessary, not to say reprehensible act, to appropriate ten thousand dollars of the public money, in order that some long-nosed professor might be enabled to show us how polliwogs wiggle their tails.' Having said this, Mr. Ames shut his mouth, and sat down covered with glory."

Margaret's only comment was to look earnestly at this man who had remembered the poor. They were silent a little while; then Mr. Sinclair spoke again, in a lower voice. "I am going to Europe in a few weeks."

She had nothing to say to this. His going would make no difference with her.

"You know, and everybody knows," he went on hastily, "that my wife and I have not for years lived very happily together. I think that few blame me. I would not wish all the blame to be thrown on her, either. The fact is, we never were suited to each other, and every day we grew more antagonistic. We had a little sensible talk last week, and finally agreed to separate. She will remain here, and I, as I said, shall go to Europe for an indefinite time, perhaps for ever."

At any other time Margaret might have felt herself embarrassed by such a confidence. As it was, she hardly knew what reply to make: but, since he waited, managed to say that if people could not live peacefully together, she supposed it was best they should separate. He spoke again abruptly.

"Margaret, you cannot, if you would, hide your misery from me. You are fitted to appreciate all that is beautiful in nature and art, yet are bound and cramped by the necessity of constant labour for your daily bread. You suffer, too, what to the refined is the worst sting of poverty, the being associated with, often in the power of, vulgar and ill-natured people, who despise you because you are not rich, and hate you because, being poor, you yet will not and cannot be like themselves. I know that there are those who take delight in mortifying you, in misinterpreting your every act and word, and in prejudicing against you persons who otherwise might be your friends. What a wretched, double life you live; petted by notable people on one hand, and insulted by inferiors on the other! How long is it to last? You must be aware that you are slipping out of the notice of your early friends. You cannot accept their invitations, because you have

not time, and, moreover, are not suitably dressed. By-and-by they will cease to invite you. Do you look forward to marriage? Every day your chances are lessening. You are growing old before your time. I cannot see that you have anything to look forward to but a life of ill-paid toil, a gradual dropping out of the place that you were born and educated to fill, a loss of courage and self-respect, a lowering of the tastes, and at last, a sinking to the level of what you must despise. If you should be taken ill now, what would become of you?"

"I should probably go to the charity ward of the public hospital," Miss Hamilton replied, coldly.

"What do you hope for?" he asked.

"I hope for nothing," she answered. "I know all that you tell me, and far more."

Mr. Sinclair's eyes brightened. "What good are your fine friends to you? You would never ask them to help you, I know; but if you could bring yourself to that, would you not feel a bitter difference? It is not mean to shrink from asking favours, when they are for ourselves. Walter Savage Landor was neither mean nor a fool; yet he makes one of his best characters say that the highest price we can pay for a favour is to ask for it, and everybody who has tried knows that. You would sink at once from a friend to a dependent. Now your friends ask no questions, and you tell them no lies. If they give the subject a thought, they fancy you in some quiet, retired, and highly genteel apartment, if rather near the eaves, then so for a pure northern light, leisurely and elegantly painting photographs, for which you receive the highest prices, and thanks to boot. They don't see an upstarty assistant criticising your work, or a stingy employer taking off part of the price for some imaginary flaw. And if they did, they would only tell you that such annoyances are trivial, that you must rise above them. I've heard that kind of talk. But those who go down to battle with the pigmies know how tormenting their bites are. The worst of it is, too, that you

cannot long maintain the dignity and purity of your own character in this petty strife. It isn't in the nature of things, I don't care what may be said to the contrary by parlour ascetics and philosophers. They have no right to dogmatise on the necessary influence of circumstances in which they have never been placed. Moreover, constant labour is lowering to the mind, and any work is degrading to the person who can do a higher kind of work. It may be saving to him whose leisure would be employed in frivolity and license ; but that person is already base. The time you spend in studying how to make one dollar do the work of five makes a lower being of you. I can see this in you, Margaret. Your manners and conversation are not what they were. You have no time to read, or think, or look at pictures, or hear lectures, or listen to music—none. You have only time for work, and, the work finished, are too weary for anything but sleep ; perhaps too weary for that even. How long do you expect to keep up with such a life dragging at you ?”

Miss Hamilton lifted between her finger and thumb a fold of the dress she wore. “ All the time I could spare from my painting in the last three weeks has been devoted to the task of making this dress out of an old one,” she said. “ It was a difficult problem ; but I solved it. I was always fond of the mathematics. Of course, during those three weeks my universe revolved around a black bombazine centre. O, Sir ! I know better than you can tell me, how degrading such labour is. God in the beginning imposed it as a curse ; and a curse it is !”

There was again a momentary pause, during which Mr. Sinclair's merciless eyes searched the cold face beside him. Margaret did not observe that all the company had gone, that the procession had disappeared, the crowd melted away. She had sat there and listened like one in a dream, too dull and weary to be angry, or to wonder that such words should be addressed to her, and such bold assertions made, where her most intimate friends had never ventured a hint even.

When Mr. Sinclair spoke again, his voice was soft and earnest. "Have you any friend so dear and trusty, that his frown would make your heart ache yet more? In all the world, do you know one to whom your actions are of moment, who thinks of you anxiously and tenderly, for whose sake you would walk in a straight path, though it might be full of thorns? Is there one?"

"There is not one," she said.

"Come with me, then!" he exclaimed "Think of Italy, and what that name means, of the East, of all the lands that live in song and in story. Drop for ever from your hands the necessity for toil, and let your heart and mind take holiday. 'Not one,' you said; but, Margaret, you mistook, I thought of you all the time and got your troubles by heart. Leave this miserable, cramping life of yours, and come with me where we shall be as free from criticism as if we were disembodied spirits. Forget this paltry Boston, with its wriggling streets and narrow breaths. Fancy now that the breeze in our faces blows off the blue Mediterranean, the little dome yonder rises and swells to St. Peter's. Above us floats the red, white, and green of Italy. How you would colour and brighten like a rose under such sunshine! Come with me, Margaret, come!"

She looked at him with troubled, uncomprehending eyes, groping for the meaning under the flowery speech. His glance dazzled her.

"It is like a fairy tale," she said. "How can it come true? I am poor, yet you bid me travel as only the rich can. How am I to go with you? Who else is going?"

He smiled. "O silly Margaret! In all the world there is no one to care for or to question you."

Then Margaret Hamilton knew that her cup of bitterness had lacked one poisoned drop. She got up from the seat, shrinking away, feeling as though she lessened physically. But when she reached the door, Mr. Sinclair was there before her.

"At least, forgive me!" she heard him say.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed, without looking up.

"Remember my tenderness and pity for you," he urged.

"You have none!" she said. "Let me go."

"And you are not indifferent to me," he continued.

She lifted her face at that, and looked at him with eyes that were bright, grey, and angry as an eagle's.

"Maurice Sinclair," she said haughtily, "I thank you for one thing. Weary, and miserable, and lonely as I have been, I could not have been certain, without this test, that such a temptation would not make me hesitate. But now I know that temptation comes from within, not from without, and that infamy attracts only the infamous. I care for you, you think? My admiration and my friendships are free; but I am not a woman to tear my hands on other people's hedges. Let me tell you, Sir, that I must honour a man before I can feel any affection for him. I must know that, though being human he might stumble, his proper stature is upright. If I cared for you, I could not stand here and scorn you, as I do; I should pray you to be true to your noble self, to give me back my trust in you. I should forgive you; but my forgiveness would be coals of fire on your head. Oh! it was manly, and tender, and generous of you, was it not? I had lost all but self-respect, and you would have taken that from me. But, Sir, I have wings which you can never entangle!"

"You have nowhere to turn," he said.

She stood one instant as though his words were indeed true, then threw her hands upward: "I turn to God! I turn to God!" she cried out.

When she looked at him again, Mr. Sinclair stepped aside and let her pass. But the strength that passion gives is brief, and when Margaret reached the street, she was trembling with weakness. Where to go? Not home; oh! not to that gloomy place! She walked across the Common, and thence to the Public Gardens, every step a weariness.

"I must stay out in the sunshine," she thought, taking a seat under the great linden-tree that stands open to the west. "Darkness, and chilly, shadowed places are terrible. Oh! what next?"

Though she had called on God, she yet believed not in Him, poor Margaret! Hers had been the instinctive outcry of one driven to desperation; and when the impulse subsided, then darkness fell again. Sitting there, she drew from her pocket a little folded paper, opened it in an absent way, and dreamily examined the delicate white powder it contained. More than once, when life had pressed too heavily, the enchanter hidden under this delusive form had come to her aid, had loosened the tense cords that bound her forehead, unclasping them with a touch as light and tender as love's own, had charmed away the pain from flesh and spirit. She recollected now anew its sinuous and subtile ways. First, a deep and gradually settling quietude of mind and body, all disturbing influences stealing away so noiselessly that their going was imperceptible, a prickling in the arms, a languor in the throat and at the roots of the tongue, a sweet fainting of the breath, an entire and perfect peace. Then a slowly rising perception of pleasures already in possession yet unnoticed before.

How delightful the mere involuntary act of breathing! How airily intoxicating the full, soft rush of blood through the arteries, swinging noisily like a dance to a song, never lost in whatever labyrinth-windings it might wander. How the universe opened like a folded bud, like myriad buds that bloom in light and colour and perfume! The air and the sunshine became miracles; common things slipped off their disguise, and revealed undreamed-of glories. All this in silence. And presently the silence would be found rhythmic like a tune.

She went no farther. The point at which all these downy influences became twined into a cord as potent as the fabulous Gleipnir, and tightened about both body and soul with its soft, implacable

coils—that her thought glanced away from. She carefully shook the shining powder into a little heap in the paper. There was ten times as much as she had ever taken at once; but then she had ten times greater need of rest and forgetfulness. Her head felt giddy, as if a wheel were going within it. Catching at that thought of a wheel, her confused memory called up strange eastern scenes: a temple in a gorge among rocky mountains; outside the dash of a torrent foaming over its rough bed between the palms; not far away the jungle, where the tiger springs with a golden flash through the shadows; within, hideous carved idols with vestments of cloth of gold, and silver bowls set before them, the noiseless entering of a gliding lama, the bowed form and hand outstretched to twirl the praying-wheel, whereon is wound in million-fold repetition the one desire of his soul, "Um mani panee, houm!" O jewel in the lotos! Rest and forgetfulness! So her thought kept murmuring with weary persistency. As she raised the morphine to her lips someone touched her arm.

"Madam!" said a man's voice just behind her shoulder.

She started and half turned. "Well, Sir!"

"What have you there?" he asked, without removing his hand.

She shook herself loose from him. "Will you go on, sir? you are insolent!"

"I cannot go while you have such a face, and while that paper is in your hand," Louis Granger said firmly; and reaching, took the morphine from her.

Her glance slid away from his face, and became fixed.

"O child! what would you do?" he exclaimed.

She did not appear to hear him. She was swaying in her seat, and her breath came sobbingly.

Mr. Granger called a carriage that was passing, and led her to it. She made no resistance, and did not object, scarcely noticed, indeed, when he seated himself opposite her.

"Walk your horses till I find out where the lady wants to go," he said to the driver.

When, after a few minutes of sickening half-consciousness, Margaret began to realise who and where she was, and looked at Mr. Granger, she met his eyes full of tears.

"I have no claim on your confidence," he said, "but I desire to serve you; and if you can trust me, I assure you that you will never have reason to regret it."

Margaret dropped her face into her hands, and all the pride died out of her heart.

"I was starving," she said. "I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours; and for a week I have eaten nothing but dry bread."

Mr. Granger leaned quickly, and took her hand in a strong grasp, as we take the hands of the dying, to give them strength to die.

"I worked day and night," she sobbed; "and I only got enough to make me decent, and pay for my room. I have done all I could; but I was losing the strength to do. I have been starving so for more than a year, growing worse every day. I wasn't responsible for trying to take the morphine. My head is so light and my heart is so heavy, that everything seems strange, and I don't quite know what is right and what is wrong."

Mr. Granger's sympathy was painfully excited. He was not only shocked and hurt for this woman, but he felt that in some way he was to blame when such things could be. He had also that uneasiness which we all experience when reminded how deceitful is the fair surface of life, and what tragedies may be going on about us, under our very eyes, yet unseen and unsuspected by us. "What if my own little girl should come to this!" he thought.

"What was Mr. Sinclair saying to you up there?" he asked abruptly.

She told him without hesitation.

"The villain!" he muttered.

"No," Margaret replied, sadly, "I think, that according to his light, he had some kind meaning. You know he doesn't believe

in any religion, that he denies revelation ; yet you would not call him a villain for that. Why, then, is he a villain for denying a moral code that is founded on revelation ? He is consistent. If God and my own instincts had not forbidden me to accept his proposal, nothing else would have had power."

She sighed wearily, and leaned against the back of the carriage.

"Promise to trust all to me now," Mr. Granger said hastily, "I am not a Maurice Sinclair."

"Have I not trusted you?" she asked with trembling lips. "Besides, it seems that God has sent you to me, and trusting you is trusting Him. I didn't expect Him to answer me; but I called, and He has answered."

CHAPTER II.

A LOUIS D'OR.

WITH the exception of that perfect domestic circle not often beheld save in visions, there is perhaps no more delightful social existence than may be enjoyed where a few congenial persons are gathered under one roof, in all the freedom of private life, but without its cares; where no one is obliged to entertain or be entertained, but is at liberty to be spontaneously charming or disagreeable, according to his mood; where comfort is taken thought of, and elegance is not forgotten.

Into such an establishment Mr. Granger's home had expanded after the death of his wife. It could not be called a boarding-house, since he admitted only a few near friends; and he refused to consider himself as host. The only visible authorities in the place were Mrs. James, the housekeeper, whose weapon was a duster, and Miss Dora Granger, whose sceptre was a blossom.

The house was a large, old-fashioned one, standing with plen-

tiful elbow-room in a highly respectable street that had once been very grand, and there were windows on four sides. All these windows looked like pleasant eyes with spectacles over them. There was a rim of green about the place, a tall horse-chestnut tree each side of the street door, and an irrepressible grape-vine that, having been planted at the rear of the house, was now well on its way to the front. This vine was unpruned, an embodied mirth, flinging itself in every direction, making the slightest thing it could catch at an excuse for the most profuse luxuriance, so happy it could never stop growing, so full of life it could not grow old.

In the days when Mr. Granger's grandfather built this mansion, walls were not raised with an eye chiefly to the accommodation of Pyramus and Thisbe. They grew slowly and solidly, of honest stone, brick, and mortar. They had timbers, not splinters; there was not an inch of veneering from attic to basement; and instead of stucco, they had woodwork with flutings as fine as those of a lady's ruffle. When you see mahogany-coloured doors in one of those dwellings, you may be pretty sure that the doors are mahogany; and the white knobs and hinges do not wear red. Canon-balls fired at these houses stick in the outer wall.

Such was Mr. Louis Granger's home. Miss Hamilton had looked at that house many a time, and sighingly contrasted it with the dingy brick construction in which she had her eyrie. Now she was to live here.

"How wishes do sometimes come fulfilled, if we only wish long enough!" she thought, as the carriage in which she had come drew up before the steps. Mr. Granger stood in the open door, and there was a glimpse of the housekeeper behind him, looking out with the utmost respect on the equipage of their visitor—for one of Miss Hamilton's wealthy friends had offered her a carriage.

But as the step was let down, and the liveried footman stood

bowing before her, Margaret shrank back with a sudden recollection that was unspeakably bitter and humiliating. In spite of the mocking show, she was coming to this house as a beggar, literally asking for bread. On the impulse of the moment she could have turned back to her attic and starvation rather than accept friendship on such terms. In that instant all the petty spokes and wheels in the engine of her poverty combined themselves for one wrench more.

"I have been watching for you," said Mr. Granger's voice at the carriage-door.

Margaret gave him her hand, and stepped out on to the pavement, her face downcast and deeply blushing.

"I hope I have not incommoded you," she said, coldly.

He made no reply, and seemed not to have heard her ungracious comment; but when they reached the threshold he paused there, and said, earnestly: "I bid you welcome to your new home. May it be to you a happy one!"

She looked up gratefully, ashamed of her bitterness.

Mr. Granger's manner was joyful and cordial, as if he were receiving an old friend, or meeting some great good fortune. Bidding the housekeeper wait, he conducted Margaret to a room near by, and seated her there to hear one word more before he should go to his business and leave her to the tender mercies of his servants. As she sat, he stood before her, and leaning on the high back of a chair, looked smilingly down into the expectant and somewhat anxious face that looked up at him.

"I am so cruel as to rejoice over every circumstance which has been influential in adding to my household so welcome and valuable a friend," he said. "I have worlds for you to do. First, my little Dora is in need of your care. It is time she should begin to learn something. I have also consented, subject to your approval, to associate with her two little girls of her age, who live near, and will come here for their lessons. Besides this, a friend of mine, who is preparing a scientific work, and

who does not understand French, wishes you to make some translations for him. Does this suit you?"

"Perfectly!"

"But first you must rest," he said. "And now I will leave you to get acquainted with the house under Mrs. James's auspices. Do not forget that your comfort and happiness are to be considered, that you are to ask for whatever you may want, and mention whatever may not be to your liking. Have you anything to say to me now?" pausing, with his hand on the door-knob.

"Yes," she replied, smiling, to hide emotion; "as in the Koran God said of St. John, so I of you: 'May he be blessed the day whereon he was born, the day whereon he shall die, and the day whereon he shall be raised to life!'"

He took her hand in a friendly clasp, then opened the door, and with a gesture that included the whole house, said, "You are at home!"

Margaret glanced after him as he went out, and thought, "At home! The French say it better: I am *chez moi*!"

"You have to go up two flights, Miss Hamilton," the house-keeper began apologetically, with the footman still in her eye. "But Mr. Granger said that you want a good deal of light. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis occupy that front room over the parlour, and the next one is the spare chamber, and that one under yours is Mr. Granger's, and that little one is Dora's, and the long one back in the L is Mr. Southard's. Up this other flight, Miss Aurelia Lewis has the front chamber. She likes it because the horse-chestnut tree comes up against the window. In summer you can hardly see through. It's like being in the woods. There, this is your chamber," flinging open the door of a large, airy room that had two deep windows looking over the house-tops straight into the eyes of the east. The colouring of this room was delightfully fresh and cool: the walls a pale olive-green, the woodwork white, and the wide mantelpiece of green

marble. There were snow-white muslin curtains, Indian matting on the floor, and the chairs were all wicker, except one, a crimson-cushioned armchair. The old-fashioned bureau and wardrobe were of solid mahogany adorned with glittering brass knobs and handles, and the looking-glass had brass candle-sockets at each side. The open grate was filled with savin-boughs, and a bright shell set in the midst. In the centre of the mantelpiece was a white vase running over full of glistening smilax sprays, and at each end stood a brass candlestick with a green wax candle in it. There were three pictures on the three blank walls: one a water-colour of moss-roses and buds dew-sprinkled; the second, a sketch of a yellow-grey cat stretched out in an attitude of slumbrous repose, her tail coiled about her lithe haunches, her head advanced and resting on her paws, her eyes half shut, but showing a sly line of watchful golden lustre; the third was a very good engraving of the Sistine Madonna. A large closet with drawers and shelves, delightful to feminine eyes, led back from this quaint and pleasant chamber.

Margaret glanced around her pretty nest, then flung off her bonnet, and, seating herself in the armchair by the window, for the first time really looked at the housekeeper. Till that moment she had not been conscious of the woman.

Mrs. James was hospitably making herself busy doing nothing, moving chairs that were already well placed, and wiping off imaginary specks of dust. She looked as though she would be an excellent housekeeper, and put her whole soul in the business; but appeared to be neutral otherwise.

"Everything here was as clean as your eye this morning," she said, frowning anxiously as she stooped to bring a suspected table-top between her vision and the light.

"Everything is exquisite," Miss Hamilton replied. "One can't help having a speck of dust now and then. The earth is made of it, you know."

The housekeeper sighed woefully. "Yes, there's a great deal of dirt in the world."

When she was left alone, Margaret still sat there, letting the room get acquainted with her, and settling herself into a new and delicious content. Happening after a while to glance toward the door, she saw it slowly and noiselessly moving an inch or two, stopping, then again opening a little way. She continued to look, wondering what singular current of air or eccentricity of hinge produced that intermittent motion. Presently she spied, clasped around the edge of the door, at about two feet from the carpet, four infinitesimal finger-tips, rosy-white against the yellow-white of the paint. Miss Hamilton checked the breath a little on her smiling lips, and awaited further revelations.

After a moment, there appeared just above the fingers a half-curved flossy lock of pale gold-coloured hair, and softly dawning after that aurora, a beautiful child's face.

"Oh! come to me!" exclaimed Margaret.

Immediately the face disappeared, and there was silence.

Miss Hamilton leaned back in her chair again, and began to recollect the tactics for such cases made and provided by the great law-giver Nature. She affected not to be aware that the silken locks reappeared, and after them a glimpse of a low, milk-white forehead, then a blue, bright eye, and finally, the whole exquisite little form in a gala-dress of white, with a gay sash and shoulder-knots.

Dora came in looking intently at the mantelpiece, and elaborately unconscious that there was anyone present but herself. Miss Hamilton's attention was entirely absorbed by the outer world.

"I never did see such a lovely flower as there is in that window," she soliloquised. "It is as pink as ever it can be. Indeed, I think it is a little pinker than it can conveniently be. It must have to try hard."

Dora glanced toward the stranger, and listened attentively.

"And I see three tiny clouds scudding down the east. I shouldn't be surprised if their mother didn't know they are out.

They run as if they didn't mean to stop till they get into the middle of next week."

Dora took a step or two nearer, looked warily at the speaker, and peeped out of the window in search of the truant cloudlets.

"And there is another cloud overhead that has gone sound asleep," Miss Hamilton pursued as tranquilly as if she had been sitting there and talking time out of mind. "One side of it is as white as it can be, and the other side is so much whiter than it can be, that it makes the white side look dark. If anybody wants to see it, she had better make haste."

"Anybody" was by this time close to the window, looking out with all her eyes, her hand timidly, half unconsciously, touching the lady's dress.

"Oh! what a splendid bird!" cried the enchantress. "What a pity it should fly away! But it may come back again pretty soon."

Silence, and the pressure of a dimpled elbow on Margaret's knee.

"I suppose you don't care much about sitting in my lap, so as to see better," was the next remark, addressed, apparently, to all outdoors.

The child began shyly to climb to the lady's knee, and was presently assisted there.

"Such a bird!" sighed Margaret then, looking at the little one, thinking by this time her glance could be borne. "It had yellow specks on its breast," illustrating with profuse and animated gestures, "and a long bill, and a glossy head with yellow feathers standing up on top, and yellow stripes on its wings," pointing toward her own shoulders, her glance following her finger. Then a break, and an exclamation of dismay: "What has become of my wings?"

Dora reached up to look over the lady's shoulder, but saw only the back of a well-fitting bombazine gown.

"I guess they's flied away," said the child in a voice of a languid bobolink.

"Then I'll tell you a story," said Margaret. "Once there was a lady who lived in a real mean place, and she didn't have a good time at all. She was just as lonesome and homesick as she could be. One day she brought home the photograph of a dear little girl, and that she liked. And she wished that she could see the real little girl, and that she could talk to her; but she had only the paper picture. Well, by-and-by she went to live in a delightful house; and while she sat in her chamber, the door opened, and who should come in but the same dear child whose picture she had loved! Wasn't the lady glad then?"

"Who was the little girl?" asked Dora, with a shy, conscious look and smile.

The answer was a shower of kisses all over her sweet face, and two tears that dropped unseen into her sunny hair.

M. A. TINCKER.

(To be continued.)

Two May-days.

TIME was, they say, when opening May
Was bright with signs of spring ;
Full sweetly then on woodland spray
The merry birds did sing :
The sun on high from cloudless sky
Shone bravely down the while,
And sweetest flowers in leafy bowers
Did lift their heads and smile.

To-day, alack ! all bare and black
Doth stand each naked bough :
No joys of spring their welcome bring,
To deck our May-day now.
A bitter breeze sighs through the trees—
All leaden is the sky :
The flowers that peep from winter's sleep—
They blossom but to die.

In days of old, ere faith was cold,
Throughout this land of ours,
All men confessed God's Mother blest
Queen of the month of flowers :
All that was fair in earth or air
Rejoiced to own her sway,
And brought their choicest gifts to greet
The crownèd Queen of May.

O who may wonder if the sun
Behind the clouds do frown,
In very shame that Mary's name
Has lost its old renown !
What marvel though the flowers that blow
Be few and far between,
Since now no more their scented store
Is robbed to deck their Queen !

When to the Virgin-Mother mild—
Forgotten all these years—
The erring child is reconciled
By penance and by tears :
When faith imparts to English hearts
The grace to know her worth,
And Mary's love is prized above
The fleeting joys of earth :

Our May-day then shall once again
Be glad with sights of spring :
Earth, sun, and sky shall glorify
The Mother of their King.
Bright flowers shall bloom at Mary's feet,
Birds sing the livelong day,
All nature meet in homage sweet
To her, the Queen of May.

OSWALD HUNTER BLAIR, O.S.B.

The Black Friars of London.

X.

THE site of the new Convent was a tract of waste land which had become dry, lying at the mouth of the Fleet, between the west wall of the city and that stream, where it emptied into the Thames. It was obtained for the Friars by the Archbishop of Canterbury. A royal licence was granted, July 4th, 1275, to Robert Fitz Walter, empowering him to sell or give to Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, his castle called Baynard Castle, or the site of the Castle near the city wall, together with the Tower of Mountfitchet, saving, however, to himself and his heirs everything pertaining to the barony. The next year, Gregory de Rokesleie, mayor, and the other barons of the city, at the King's request, unanimously gave the Archbishop leave to enclose two lanes contiguous to Baynard Castle and the Tower of Mountfitchet, for enlarging his plot; and this leave received the royal ratification, June 10th, as the Archbishop formed a better and more suitable road for the commonalty than the lanes, as had been stipulated. Though the site was thus prepared, the work was delayed by the opposition of the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral, who probably feared the settlement of a powerful Religious Order under the very shadow of their spire. It was only the King's importunity that made the Chapter give way, June 25th, 1278, and allow the erection of the Church and suitable buildings. And now the work was begun with earnestness. The city wall from Ludgate to the River Thames was pulled down to make space for the foundation of the Convent, by order

of the King, and the stones of the ruined Tower of Mountfitchet were used for the new buildings. The King commanded the citizens to rebuild the wall from Ludgate westward to the Fleet River, and thence southward to the Thames. And by a letter of July 8th, he charged them to finish the wall now begun near the Friars' homestead, and to erect at the head of it, within the Thames, a good tower where he might abide with ease and satisfaction. In aid of repairing and closing the wall, were granted, February 14th, 1278-9, tolls, for three years from the 24th, on certain merchandises within the city; and these tolls were renewed, December 16th, 1281, and February 16th, 1282-3, each time for one year, after which they ceased.

Stephen de Cornhill, draper and citizen of London, granted to Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, his capital tenement, and also another tenement, with five shops and buildings over them all in the parish of St. Faith of the Crypt of St. Paul's, and near St. Paul's Churchyard; and the Archbishop (by this time Cardinal Bishop of Ostia) passed them, August 19th, 1278, to the Prior and Convent of the Friars, that they might apply the proceeds of the sale for constructing their choir. Cardinal Kilwardby also made over the site of Baynard Castle, January 6th, 1278-9, to the King, who granted it, the same day, to the Friars, for their Church, cloistral habitation, and offices. For enlarging the site, Thomas, son of Walter de Basyng, gave (*i.e.*, sold) a messuage in the parish of St. Andrew, to the King, who, December 7th, 1280, passed it to the Friars. Again, Stephen de Cornhill, at the instance of Friar John (de Derlington), Archbishop of Dublin, quit-claimed to them, April 13th, 1281, the tenement consisting of a solar and three shops at the corner of Folkemeslane; and it was soon sold to Hugh de Vienne, clerk, to whom Stephen de Cornhill quit claimed it on the following Michaelmas Day. This gift was made for the weal of Stephen's soul, and for the souls of his father and mother, brothers and sisters, and friends.

The Friars began to build their Church in 1279. For changing

their site the King granted them the deodands which accrued to the Crown; and by a writ directed, December 4th, 1278, to the justices in eyre in Cumberland, it was explained that the gift endured for three years from the beginning of the sixth year of his reign (November 20th, 1277), during which period the deodands were to be given to the Friars. In 1279, Henry Tyey, of Oxfordshire, engaged to pay his debt of 68s. due to the Royal Exchequer, to the Friars at the ensuing Midsummer; and November 26th, the shout, from which John Babbestel fell into the Thames and was drowned, was given to them as a deodand. The King granted, June 4th (or more correctly, October 7th), 1280, for the construction of the new church, 100 marks in which John de Polingfeld (Polinfeud) was amerced for a transgression in Sussex, and 100 marks out of 100*l.*, in which Henry Huse was amerced under the forest-laws in Hampshire. In Michaelmas Term, the Barons of the Exchequer were ordered to levy both the amercements. Henry Huse engaged to pay 25 marks on St. Martin's Day, 25 marks within a fortnight after, and the rest at Easter; in Michaelmas Term, 1283, Friar John de Sevenhock, Prior, acknowledged the full payment, and Huse received the acquittance, May 8th, 1287, in the Exchequer. A writ to the Sheriff of Suffolk, January 21st, 1280-1, directed Polingfeld's 100 *m.* to be levied and delivered to the Mayor of London, for the Friars; and in Trinity Term, 1282, Friar John de Balsham acknowledged the payment. In Michaelmas Term, 1280, Anselm de Gyse and Thomas Belhus engaged to pay their debt of 10*l.* by 100s. at le Hokeday, and 100s. at Midsummer; which they accordingly did. John de Moreyn, in Easter Term, 1281, arranged to pay the Friars his debt of 41½ marks, 10 *m.* at Midsummer and the rest at All Saints'; he paid the 10 *m.* to Friar John de Balsham, and afterwards the balance. Thomas Travers, in Michaelmas Term, 1282, found sureties to account to the Friars for the deodands whilst he was clerk to Ranulph de Acre, Sheriff of York.

When the Friars abandoned their house in Holborn their Church and Convent at Ludgate were not completed. They obtained a royal licence, December 12th, 1286, to make a conduit from the head of the spring, which they had long possessed outside the city, and by the conditions of the jurors' inquisition, had to carry it by Smethefeud, from Brunyngespole, near Tullemilne to the Bridge contiguous to the Flete Prison, and so to their house at Baynard Castle. In 1288, Friar Robert de Newmarket had a gift of money from the King, but the particulars are lost. In 1289, 50 marks, afterwards 25 marks, were paid to Friar William de Norwic, and 50*l.* to Friar Walter de Winterbourne; and in 1290, 100*l.* to the same two Religious, all for the construction of their Mother Church. The King thus gave them for the Church, 1,000 marks, of which the last instalment of 70 marks was paid, by writ of December 2nd, 1291, to Winterbourne and Norwic. Licence was given to the Friars, April 14th, 1292, for felling and carrying, free of chiminage, within a year, timber to the value of 10*l.* in the royal forest of Essex, for the cloister. Master Hugh Duketh, parson of Radenhale, engaged, June 8th, 1293, to pay his debt of 30*l.* due to the Exchequer, to Friar Robert de Newmarket, at the following Lady day. The Friars had a royal gift, October 28th, 1294, of twelve oaks fit for timber, out of Windsour Forest, for making their quay. On the part of the Crown, the King sold Cornhill's capital messuage and five shops, October 15th, 1281, to Sir Hugh de Vienne, clerk, and made over the 100*l.*, price of them, to the Friars: Friar Robert their Prior gave an acquittance, April 13th, 1295, for the last 10*l.* The Church was solemnly consecrated, November 12th, 1324, in honour of St. John the Evangelist.

In 1290, the Abbot of Bruern impleaded the Friars in Gwy Aula for a messuage, and they declined to answer without the King, who, they said, had confirmed their tenements to them in pure almoign; but when the Abbot petitioned Parliament, it was

found that the King had not given that tenement, and the plea was continued. The same year, the Carmelites in London complained to Parliament concerning the stench in their neighbourhood, which was so great that they could not endure it, nor carry on the Divine Office, and it had occasioned the death of many of their brethren ; so they, and the Friar-Preachers, and the Bishop of Sarum, and all the neighbours, petitioned that it should be removed. It arose from the foulness of the Fleet River.

Some building was certainly going on at a later time. Edward I. granted, June 2nd, 1301, twelve oaks for timber out of Tonebrigg Chase : and the Friars sold *petræ* for the works of the royal palace at Westminster, for which 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* was paid, February 8th, 1307-8, to Friar John de Wrotham. The Mayor and Commonalty granted leave, May 14th, 1309, for enclosing a lane, running from the Prior of Okeburn's gate on the E. to the Flete on the W., the Friars to leave the wall free to the city from Ludgate to the Thames for the breadth of 16 feet : and this leave received royal confirmation on the 21st following. Out of special affection for the Order, Edward II. granted licence, July 27th, 1312, to acquire, notwithstanding the mortmain statutes, all the tenements between their homestead and the Thames on the S., from the highway called Watergate on the E. and the homestead extending to the river on the W. ; all for enlarging the homestead. For the same purpose, the King also granted them, February 28th, 1312-3, a tenement with buildings, in the parish of St. Andrew, which William de Vale, chaplain, had conceded to him. In 1352, the Prior of Okeburn sold to Edward III. the messuage called Okebourn, between the Friars' homestead and the Thames, in the ward of Baynard Castle ; and the King granted it, August 24th, for enlarging ; the Prior having entered into a bond, July 26th (registered next day in Chancery) to produce the release and quit-claim of the Abbot and Convent of Bec Helouin, or pay the sum of 800 marks to the Friars in their Church at Michaelmas, 1353. Two tenements

were acquired contiguous to the site, in St. Andrew's parish, next Baynardescastell: one from William Baldewyn, citizen and tanner, and Alice his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Ann, relict of Adam Fayrehede; the other from William Saunderby and Elizabeth his wife: and in order to remove the obstruction of the mortmain statutes, the Friars surrendered the tenements to the Crown, and July 18th, 1389, received them back under a royal grant.

XI.

The royal gifts to the Community were considerable, till the French wars of Edward III. dried up the springs of charity. In 1289, Edward I. gave 4*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* for three days' food, when he was at London on St. Edward's Day (October 13th); and 42*s.* 11*d.* for one day shortly after, when, at his command, the Friars celebrated Mass for the soul of Sir Peter de Grelioc. The executors of Eleanor of Castile gave, September 2nd, 1292, 200 marks out of her legacies: and for the anniversary of her death, November 29th 23*s.* for food, for the repose of her soul. Edward I. gave, in 1297, June 21st, 7*l.* 16*s.* by Friar John de Becles, for six days' food, being three days on his coming to Westminster Abbey, and three days during his stay at the house of the Archbishop of York in Westminster; and July 29th, 64*s.* for three days' food by Friar Robert de Bradelegh; April 26th, 1298, seven oaks (robora) out of Haveringbure Wood, within the metes of the royal forest of Essex, for fuel: March 15th, 1299-1300, 4*l.* 5*s.* for three days' food, by Friar William de Taunton: March 21st following, 30*s.* 8*d.* for food on the same day, when the exequies of Edmund, the King's brother, were solemnised at Westminster Abbey, on which occasion the Friars lent a hearse, which went to St. Paul's and back; and for this funeral service, including repairs of the hearse, 11*l.* 7*s.* 2½*d.* was disbursed. The King also gave, in 1302, May 29th, 73*s.* for three days' food, through Friar

John de Eggesclyve; and October 5th, twelve leafless robora out of Windsor Forest, for fuel; in 1303, in November, 8*l.* by Friar John de Wrotham, to the eighty Friars here for food on the three days when the King was at London, being October 25th and 26th, when they celebrated Mass for the soul of the Earl of Warwick, and November 5th, when they celebrated Mass of Thanksgiving for the peace; in 1305, May 6th, 4*l.* by Friar Luke de Wodeford, his confessor, for three days' food, beginning April 19th, during his abode in the city; May 10th, 30*s.* by the same Friar Luke for food on the previous Sunday (May 9th); and August 4th, five marks to the Friar-Preachers and other Friars of London, to celebrate next day, for himself, his Queen, their children, and especially for Prince Edmund his son; in 1306, July 15th, 11*l.* 3*s.* through Friar Richard Mawdyn, for nine days' food, being one day before Pentecost for Aymer de Valence and others sent into Scotland, five days in Pentecost Week, two days in Trinity Week, and the day on which they celebrated for the Prince of Wales and his army.

Edward II., whilst he was Prince of Wales, gave, March 13th, 1302-3, 22*s.* for one day's food, through their Procurator, Friar John de Brandeston. After he succeeded to the throne, he made the following gifts and payments: and as the alms for food were given on the occasions of the King's visits to the city, at the rate of a groat a day for each Religious, the number of the Friars is easily known. In 1309, July 21st, 16*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* paid to Friar John de Wrotham, Prior, and October 11th, ten marks, through Friar John de Fleg to the same Prior, both sums for cloth of gold bought for 23*l.* In 1310, June 5th, 9*l.* 4*s.* paid to the Prior, also for cloth of gold; July 15th, 26*s.* by Friar Richard de Mawdyn, for food. In 1311, July 8th, 168*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* to the Friar-Preachers, Minors, and all other Friars, and Nuns and Hospitals of London and the suburbs, for the soul of Edward I.; October 23rd, 6*d.* to a messenger, for carrying royal letters to the Prior. In 1312, July 7th, 134*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* to the Friar-Preachers

and others as before, and to prisoners, for the soul of Edward I.; July 16th, 20 marks for celebrating for the soul of Sir Piers Gaveston. In 1312-3, January 24th, 13*l.* 2*s.*, for four pieces and 5½ ells of chequered velvet from Genoa valued at 11*l.* 10*s.*, and two pieces of linen valued at 32*s.*, to make vestments for themselves: February 8th, 23*s.* 4*d.*, by Friar John de Brugge, for food. In 1313, about June, 29*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.* for beaten gold for the vestments. In 1315, December 5th, 35*s.* to Friar John de Wrotham, Prior, for the seventy Friars (6*d.* each) who celebrated Mass on the anniversary of the King's mother, by royal command. In 1318, December, acknowledgment of a debt of 14 marks for cloth of gold bought of the Friars, to be immediately paid. In 1319, September 7th, 26*s.* 8*d.* for food, on July 7th, the late King's anniversary. In 1319-20, February 24th, 23*s.* 4*d.* for food. In 1320, August 5th, 23*s.* 4*d.* by Friar John de Lenn, for food: October 13th, again, 23*s.* 4*d.* for food. In 1321, May 13th, the same alms repeated, through Friar William de Langehurst; July 7th, the 23*s.* 4*d.* for food on the anniversary of the King's father. In 1323-4, February 27th, 23*s.* 4*d.* through Friar Robert de Giffard, for food. In 1324, May 15th, 23*s.* 4*d.* by Friar John de Wydeware, for food; June 2nd, 23*s.* 8*d.* by Friar Richard de Bromfeld, for food, in honour of the Feast of Pentecost; August 19th, 23*s.* 4*d.* by Friar John de Wydeware, for food; October 19th, 20*s.* by the same, for food; November 12th, 23*s.* 4*d.* by Friar Robert de Waltham, for food, in honour of the dedication of the Church, this day. In 1324-5, February 6th, 21*s.* 4*d.*, by Friar William de Wysshawe, for food. In 1325, June 30th, 23*s.* 4*d.* by Friar Richard de Bromfeld; November 24th, the same sum, by Friar William de Waundre; both for food. In 1326, September 30th, 23*s.* 4*d.* again, by Friar John de Duryngton, for food.

Edward III. continued the alms for a few years. In 1327-8, March 15th, 20*s.* by Friar William de Stretton, for one day's food of sixty Friars. In 1334, September 23rd, and 1336, March 25th, each time 23*s.* 4*d.* for the day's food of the seventy

Friars who met him in the procession on his arrival at the city. In 1336-7, March 17th, 30s. for the ninety Friars who met him on his passing through. The children of Edward III., January 1st 1340-1, gave, by Friar William de Rokele, a special alms of 2s. to two of the Friars. On the anniversary of Isabel, Queen Dowager (who died August 22nd, 1358), the Friars had 13s. 4d. in 1363, and again in 1364, for food.

The alms of 40s. was given, June 24th, 1471, for the celebration of the obsequies and Masses for the soul of Henry of Windsor, the deposed Henry VI. In March 1501-2, Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII., being unable to make a pilgrimage, sent her chaplain, Richard Milner of Bynfeld, with the offerings of 20*l.* to St. Dominic, and 10*l.* to St. Peter of Milan. At her burial, in Westminster Abbey, February, 1502-3, "every place of the fryers of London had v marke, xx schochins, and certain torches."

State-pensions had been already conferred on the Friar-Preachers of Oxford, Cambridge, and King's Langley, when Edward III. extended the favour to London. Henry III. gave considerable alms to the yearly General Chapters of the Order wherever they were held; and this munificence developed into a custom. At first the alms varied, for in 1289 it amounted to 68*l.* 17s. 4½*d.*, but it was usually 40 marks or else 20*l.*, though in 1309 and 1310 it was 10*l.*, and in 1311 only 10 marks. From 1313 it became fixed at 20*l.* (except in 1314 and 1319, when it was 40 marks, and in 1335, 60*l.*), and thus the payment went on till 1339, when Edward III. refused it to the General Chapter, which met at Clermont, in the hostile kingdom of France. The 20*l.* for that year was given to the Provincial Chapter at Winchester. Then it was appropriated to London, in aid of the maintenance of the Friars, and, on petition of the Prior and Convent, was secured by letters-patent, May 20th, 1345. The pension was renewed by Richard II., July 2nd, 1380; Henry IV., November 5th, 1399; Henry V., November 28th, 1413; Henry VI., on the

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Friars' petition to Parliament, December 10th, 1422, and under Parliamentary resumptions of royal grants, February 13th, 1451-2, and March 13th, 1456-7; Edward IV., March 30th, 1466; Henry VII., July 14th, 1486; and Henry VIII., July 5th, 1509. And thus it continued till the end.

XII.

Of the General Chapters of the Order, two were held in this Priory. In 1314 the Capitular Fathers, assembled in London, began their acts, May 26th, and continued for several days. The writ *De orando pro Rege, etc.*, was issued, May 10th, and in it, moreover, they were desired to chastise those Friar-Preachers of Scotland, who had persuaded many to throw off allegiance to England. The King gave them, May 11th, 40 marks for food. By this Chapter, with unanimous assent, the Order in Ireland was so far emancipated from England, that it had a Vicar, with full powers of government, yet under an English veto; and all this except when the English Provincial was personally in Ireland. The Master-General wrote a kindly letter to the King, thanking him for the royal patronage and favour bestowed on the Order, and promised the prayers, but was silent as to the Scotch allegiance. The assembly was much troubled by some Friars, who had laid aside the habit, or, retaining it, rejected the obedience of the Order. Amongst them were conspicuous Walter de Walhol, Adam de Marcys, Roger Storlaund, Ralph Gerlaund, John de Willeby, and Hugh de Norwic, who, with their proctor, Stephen de Sidesmere or Sidolvesmere, affixed to the door of St. Paul's certain grave and false charges, defaming the whole Order, and recorded their appeal to the Holy See, and to the protection of the court of Canterbury against any sentence which might be pronounced against them. But writs of arrest were issued against the apostates, directed September 18th, to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London; September 21st, to all Sheriffs; and October 1st, when Sidolvesmere was specially

named, to the Sheriff of Oxford. Some left the Order, and the whole affair speedily collapsed. To the General Chapter of 1335, assembled June 4th, the King gave, May 18th, 60*l.* for food, through Friar William de Rokeslee.

Provincial Chapters of the Order were held here, but notices of only few come to light. In 1307, Edward I. gave 10*l.*, paid, July 10th (after his decease), to the Prior, Friar John Pykeringe, for the Chapter at the ensuing Assumption. Edward II. gave, January 23rd, 1307-8, 10 marks, for the Chapter to be celebrated, "eodem mense," along with 24*s.* to the Friars here, for saying Mass on the same day, when the King embarked for Boulogne. In 1314, the Provincial was held concurrent with the General Chapter; and May 14th, 15th, 17th, 40 marks were paid to the Prior, Friar John de Wrotham. In 1327, 15*l.* was given, November 16th, for three days of the late assembly, to Friar Henry de Wysbech, by a tally on the customs of wool and hides in the port of Lynn; in 1328, the same, July 26th, to Friar Henry de Sandwyc, by a tally on the Sheriff of Hereford, for the approaching meeting; and in 1359, October 22nd, the same payment was in cash. In 1369, July 5th, Friar Walter de Newport received the 15*l.* for the Chapter at the next Assumption. In confirming the royal grants of 20*l.*, April 3rd, 1377, to the Provincial Chapters (ratified, February 22nd, 1384-5), Henry IV. ordered, October 17th, 1399, that the arrears due for the late Chapter at London should be paid; and December 17th, the Prior, Friar Thomas Palmer, received the amount.

XIII.

By charter of Richard II., dated June 12th, 1388, the royal grants of January 6th, 1278-9; December 7th, 1280; December 12th, 1286; May 21st, 1309; February 28th, 1312-3; July 27th, 1312; and August 24th, 1352, were ratified and confirmed, and exemption from all royal taxation was granted to the Friars; and the same day, the keeper of the hanaper had a mandate to deliver this charter without fees. RAYMUND PALMER, O.P.

Crashaw.

RICHARD CRASHAW, Canon of Loretto ; an Englishman, a Catholic, and a poet who lent inspiration for "Christabel." Yet an unpopular poet ; and a poet whose unpopularity is born very much of his own faults. Cowley, his friend and brother-singer, wrote upon him a fine and Dryden-like elegy ; his work has won the warm admiration of many eminent men, prominent among whom is said to be Cardinal Newman ; but except by such professed students of literature it is hardly read.

Like his predecessor, George Herbert, he was a religious writer ; and Herbert has still a large following among the admirers of that poetry which is exemplified at the present day by Keble and Newman. Crashaw, though a poet of much higher flight, has no such clientage. Something must be allowed for his Catholicity, into which he threw himself with the tender ardour of his nature ; and the bulk of his poetry was written after his conversion. Yet it may be doubted whether this is the sole or chief reason. The truth is (though it may have been otherwise during his own age and the rampant influence of Donne) that he is not now in touch with the very class to whom his work makes apparent appeal. And the lovers of poetry for its own sake, to whom he really appeals, having learned by melancholy experience how little religious verse is anything more than verse, are repelled rather than attracted by professedly religious poetry.* Between these two stools, we think,

* *By professedly religious poetry*, not necessarily by *religion*. It is not the presence of religion, but the too prevalent absence of poetry, which is the repellent quality.

Crashaw falls to the ground. Herbert is a smaller poet, but Herbert is a greater religious writer. Crashaw's genius, in spite of his often ecstatic devotion, is essentially a secular genius. He writes on religious themes; but he writes of them as Milton wrote in the "Ode on the Nativity," or Rossetti in the "Ave." Milton speaks with the gravest, Rossetti with the warmest reverence; yet they are allured, not by the religious lessons, but by the poetical grandeur or beauty of their subject; and it is the same with Crashaw. He sings the tears of Magdalen. But he sings them much as Shelley sings his "Skylark;" stanza following stanza in a dropping rain of fancies, as Shelley expands, lustred plume by plume, the peacock splendour of his imagery. He sings the Stable of Bethlehem. But he does not sing its lessons of humility, poverty, self-abnegation; he sings of the Divine light shining from the Child, of the snows offering their whiteness and the seraphim their roseate wings, to strew the heavenly Infant's couch. The themes are religious, the poetry beautiful; but it is not what people are accustomed to understand by religious verse.

Apart, however, from a disadvantage compatible with unblemished excellence, there is, it must be conceded, a just reason for Crashaw's unpopularity; a reason which excludes the charge of unmerited neglect. He has written no perfect poems, though some perfect poetry, and *that* is discontinuous. His faults are grave, exasperatingly prominent, and—throughout large portions of his work—are not merely present as flaws, but constitute an intimate alloy. The consequent vitiation of his nevertheless great beauty alienates general readers, and—unless they come prepared to give him special attention—discourages even poetical readers. For there are, in regard to verse, two classes of readers. The general reader, attracted by the accidents rather than the essence of poetry, regards the poet much as a barrel-organ to reel off *his* (the reader's) favourite tunes, or is affected by him in proportion as he mirrors the broad interests common to all

humanity. But the poetical reader, as we have called him, is of kin to the poet. He is born with the lyre not in his hand, but in his bosom ; not for his own touch, but to thrill in sympathy with the swept chords of all singers. He loves poetry for its poetry. To the first class, Crashaw, were he as faultless as he is faulty, could never be of interest, owing to his deficiency in the human element, to the ethereal insubstantialities of his genius. But poetical readers unfamiliar with him may be stimulated to make a pleasant acquaintance, if we bring together some typical specimens of his excellence dismantled, so far as possible, of its parasitic growths.

Since because of this plan his defects will not come conspicuously before the reader, it is all the more necessary to explain in what these defects consist ; and to warn the intending student that in the original they will confront him intermittently, demanding that habitual allowance which we make for infantile deficiencies of technical knowledge in early Italian painters. The explanation is simple. Crashaw riots in conceits. Originally the word "conceit" signified merely a detached cameo-like image, such as form the bulk of Shelley's "Skylark." An Elizabethan critic would have styled that "an excellent conceited poem," and he would have been right. But we use the term in its modern and opprobrious sense, according to which it means an image marked by high-wrought ingenuity rather than beauty or appropriateness. From Donne to Dryden most of our poets indulged in this vice ; and Crashaw only followed the fashion of his day. But he sublimated his errors as he sublimated his poetry, beyond the level of his brother-singers. So, in a large canvas, faults of draughtsmanship comparatively unnoticeable in a cabinet-picture become painfully apparent because magnified by the increase of scale. The perverted ardour of his devotion to the false fashion, no less than its contrast with his exquisite powers, render it peculiarly intolerable. It corrupted his judgment so that years but rooted the fault

more deeply ; and in his maturest poems he cannot write twenty consecutive lines without lapsing from finished delicacy to errors of taste which make the reader writhe. Trailing in exasperating profusion over his most charming verse are lines of which the following present a perhaps extreme example. They refer to the weeping eyes of St. Mary Magdalen.

And now where'er He strays,

* * * * *

He's followed by two faithful fountains ;
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable and compendious oceans.

When the reader has recovered, he may take this, which is not an extreme example.

Does thy sweet-breathed prayer
 Up in clouds of incense climb ?
 Still at each sigh, that is each stop,
 A bead, that is a tear, does drop.

It *might* have been a fair image ; but the hard elaboration of detailed touch ruins it in the expression. And here, finally, is a specimen of the high-raised conceits in which he abounds ; high-raised to such a degree that one editor, Dr. Grosart, quotes it with admiration. To us it appears so essentially fantastic in its fancy, and strained in expression, as to merit only the phrase which we have applied to it.

Heavens thy fair eyes be ;
 Heavens of ever-falling stars.
 'Tis seed-time still with thee ;
 And stars thou sow'st whose harvest dares
 Promise the earth to countershine
 Whatever makes Heaven's forehead fine.

To the foregoing indictment we must add, that there is often a feminine effusiveness, and almost hysterical fantasy in his religious raptures, which is a weakness complementary to his sensitive tenderness.

These disfigurements lie thick on Crashaw's poetry ; or its wine would need no bush. But there is rich compensation for

those who will move aside the rank overgrowth. Every now and then the rare genius of the man shines away the infectious vapours of contemporary influence which stain it with eclipse ; and he is transfigured before our eyes. His very faults

Suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange ;

his conceits into fancies of delicate grace, his tortured language into the most refined sorcery of expression, his emotional femineity into rarefied ethereality of sentiment. Fancy, expression, lofty ideal sentiment—these sum sufficiently fairly the qualities which we claim for him at his best.* It is perhaps his abundant fancy which has caused his admirers to compare him with Shelley, a comparison to which we do not entirely adhere, while we admit some resemblance, stronger in certain moods than in others. His fondness for stringing together a series of images on a given subject, which often makes a whole poem a veritable air with variations, recalls Shelley's habit of weaving similar chaplets. But Crashaw's imagery is fragile and lily-like, the offspring of fancy ; Shelley's rich and glowing, the offspring of imagination. Dr. Grosart, however, who strongly upholds the theory of Crashaw's resemblance to Shelley, credits the elder poet in the highest measure with this very quality of imagination ; and if we could agree in such a judgment, we should have no difficulty in accepting the theory. It is partly because we regard imagination as one of Shelley's most essential attributes, but hold Crashaw's dominant faculty to be fancy, that we dissent from the current view.† Yet since Shelley's fancy is hardly less striking than his imagination, there still remains ground for comparison.

Another reason for our dissent is to be found in Crashaw's expression. If it be remembered that we are now treating of him *at his best*, we may say unhesitatingly that it is perfect in its

* A fourth quality—metrical beauty—not being an intellectual one, we reserve it for separate consideration.

† We use the terms "imagination" and "fancy" (as does Dr. Grosart) in the sense defined by Coleridge.

kind. But that kind belongs, we think, to another school than Shelley's, a school of which the supreme modern example is Coleridge. All great poets at their finest are perfect in expression; but as the colourist's gift may in itself reach genius, so a small number of poets are so unique in expression that their diction alone is almost poetry. These masters of diction may be divided into two classes. The first class aim at enthrallment by the display of their art; the second, by its concealment. Painting exhibits an analogy. There are painters like Rubens, who astonish by the masterly revelation of their brushwork; there are painters like Titian, who astonish by the mystery of its achievement. To the first class belong Milton, Gray, Keats, Tennyson, and Rossetti. It is occasionally objected to some of them—as for instance, to Tennyson—that they do *not* sufficiently conceal their art. But in reality the very delight of such work resides in the constant sense of profound skill, of rich research, of splendid vesture fitly worn, and beauty incarnating herself in subtly chosen form. It is only when the kingly robes are worn by an unkingly man, when thought falls below expression, that the richness grows offensive. And when that occurs, it will generally be found that the richness is an imitative richness. A poet with genius enough to form a diction of his own, has genius enough to know what to say in it. To the second class belong by a natural affinity most of the subtle, skiey poets, with two striking exceptions—Chaucer, who does belong to it, and Shelley who but partially belongs to it. It is distinguished by a choiceness known only from its effects, a delicate witchery which defies analysis; a diction, indeed, which almost effects the miracle of speaking, like music, to the soul rather than the understanding. Beauty does not incarnate herself: she descends in the spirit. This class includes Chaucer, Spenser, Collins, Coleridge, and at times, especially in some of his smaller lyrics, Shelley. More generally he belongs to the first class, with the difference that while others of that class are marked by a vivid concentration, he

is marked by an opulent diffuseness of splendour. One poet alone is master at will of either style—that despot of language, Shakespeare.

Crashaw's diction, when most excellent, belongs to the latter school ; and in this quality he is often as nearly akin to Coleridge as a lyric can be to a narrative poet. It is the true wonder-working diction ; and when his ideas free themselves from conceit sufficiently to give his diction a chance, the combination is unsurpassable for sweet felicity. Take as a specimen a selection of stanzas from the poem on St. Mary Magdalen called "The Weeper." We have so arranged them as to form a continuous whole ; while the reader will perceive by the numbering of the stanzas how many we have omitted.

VII.

The dew no more will weep,
The primrose's pale cheek to deck ;
The dew no more will sleep,
Nuzzled in the lily's neck ;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

X.

Not in the Evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies,
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

XI.

Sadness, all the while
She sits in such a throne as this,
Can do nought but smile,
Nor believes she Sadness is :
Gladness itself would be more glad
To be made so sweetly sad.

XV.

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks confess
The April in thine eyes ;

Mutual sweetness they express.
 No April e'er lent kinder showers,
 Nor May returned more faithful flowers.

XXIII.

O precious prodigal !
 Fair spendthrift of thyself ! thy measure
 (Merciless love !) is all,
 Even to the last pearl in thy treasure :
 All places, times, and seasons be
 Thy tears' sweet opportunity.

XXIV.

Does the day-star rise ?
 Still thy tears do fall and fall.
 Does Day close his eyes ?
 Still the fountain weeps for all.
 Let Night or Day do what they will,
 Thou hast thy task : thou weepest still.

XXVIII.

Not "so long she livèd,"
 Shall thy tomb report of thee ;
 But, "so long she grievèd :"
 Thus must we date thy memory.
 Others by moments, months, and years,
 Measure their ages ; thou, by tears.

The way in which the beautiful opening lines of Stanza VII. are marred by the concluding conceit to which they lead up, is unfortunately characteristic of Crashaw. But Stanza X. is lovely throughout, perfect both in fancy and expression to the charmingly phrased final couplet. The secular cast of Crashaw's genius is well illustrated in these excerpts ; and the more strikingly to enforce it we will show the reader, by a parallel treatment of a love-poem, how entirely the difference between the two is a difference of subject. The "Wishes to a Supposed Mistress" is one of his few secular poems, and of his only two love-poems : it is, moreover, as happy an inspiration as he has left us, with a smaller proportion of conceits than usual. So far as is consistent with our limits, we have retained the finest stanzas, and omitted only those which are blemished.

1.

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me ;

2.

Where'er she lie
Locked up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of Destiny ;

3.

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our Earth ;

4.

Till that Divine
Idea takes a shrine
Of crystal flesh through which to shine ;

5.

Meet you her, my wishes,
Bespeak to her my blisses,
And be ye called, my absent kisses.

6.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glistening shoe-tie.

11.

A cheek where Youth
And blood, with pen of Truth,
Write what the reader sweetly rueth.

16.

Tresses that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are.

21.

Smiles that can warm
The blood, yet teach a charm
That chastity shall take no harm.

22.

Blushes that bin
The burnish of no sin,
Nor flames of ought too hot within.

26.

Days that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a forespent night of sorrow.

27.

Days that, in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

29.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes say, Welcome friend.

30.

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
May crown old Winter's head with flowers.

31.

Soft silken hours ;
Open suns ; shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

32.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

35.

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish—no more.

36.

Now if Time knows
That her whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

38.

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further : it is she.

39.

'Tis she, and here
Lo I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

40.

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dares apply it,
But modesty dares still deny it.

41.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

42.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye,
Be ye my fictions ; but her story.

A typical specimen of his best religious work is that "Hymn of the Nativity," to which we alluded in the opening of our article. We can only, in our remaining space, draw together three or four of the most admirable stanzas, which we place before the reader without further preface. They are sung by the shepherds in alternate verses.

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal Day !
We saw Thine eyes break from Their East
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw Thee ; and we blessed the sight ;
We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

* * * * *

TITYRUS.

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow,
Come hovering o'er the place's head ;
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed :
Forbear, said I, be not too bold,
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

THYRSIS.

I saw the obsequious Seraphim,
Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
For well they now can spare their wing,
Since Heaven itself lies here below.
Well done, said I ; but are you sure
Your down so warm will pass for pure ?

BOTH.

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
 Bright dawn of our eternal Day !
 We saw Thine eyes break from Their East
 And chase the trembling shades away.
 We saw Thee; and we blessed the sight ;
 We saw Thee by Thine Own sweet light.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome, all wonders in one sight !
 Eternity shut in a span !
 Summer in Winter, Day in Night !
 Heaven in Earth, and God in man !
 Great little One ! Whose all-embracing birth
 Lifts Earth to Heaven, stoops Heaven to Earth.

Notice that most apt epithet, "curled drops." Of all the poets who have described snow, we do not recollect one besides Crashaw who has recorded this characteristic trait of snow-flakes. They *are* curled. Pluck one of the inner petals from a rose, lay it with its concavity uppermost, and you have a sufficiently close resemblance to the general form of a snow-flake when falling through the air. It is easy to see the reason of this form. The pressure of the atmosphere on the lower surface of the descending flake necessarily tends to curve upward its edges. But Crashaw alone has thought of noting the fact.

This notice would be incomplete did we not refer to our poet's metre. It is worthy of observation that all the poets whom we have named in our second class are as remarkable for their versification as their expression. Chaucer, of course, founded English rhyming heroics; while Spenser, Collins, and Coleridge are masters of metrical combination. Crashaw is a worthy companion to these great names; not, it is true, as regards the invention and treatment of irregular metres, but in the cunning originality with which he manipulates established forms. He is unequal even here: it would be easy to cite examples of harshness and want of finish: but when he does himself justice, it is not too much to say that his numbers are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the language. His employment (in the

"Hymn to St. Teresa" and its companion "The Bleeding Heart") of those mixed four-foot Iambics and Trochaics so often favoured by modern poets, marks an era in the metre. Coleridge (in the "Biographia Literaria") adopts an excellent expression to distinguish measures which follow the changes of the sense from those which are regulated by a pendulum-like beat or tune—however *new* the tune—overpowering all intrinsic variety. The former he styles *numerous* versification. Crashaw is beautifully numerous, attaining the most delicate music by veering pause and modulation—a

"Miser of sound and syllable, no less
Than Midas of his coinage."

We have said advisedly that the "St. Teresa" marks an era in its metre. For Coleridge was largely indebted to it, and acknowledged his debt. He had, he said, those lines constantly in his mind when writing the second part of "Christabel;" if, indeed, by some inexplicable mental process, it did not suggest the first idea of the whole poem. The student who reads in the light of this declaration those portions of the second part which are composed in ordinary couplet-rhyming Tetrameters, Iambic, and Trochaic, will perceive how true it is. Both expression and metre have manifestly been closely studied by the modern writer. The diction of the two poets is here markedly akin; and the versification is not so much akin as identical. The greatest metrical master of the nineteenth century was for once content to imitate such exquisite lines as these:—

Scarce has she learned to lisp the name
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love she should shed blood;
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.

Coleridge has done as well ; better even Coleridge could not do. For fuller conviction, compare the lines which we are about to quote with those lines on the dreaming Christabel terminating in the lovely phrase

“ Both blue eyes, more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear.”

This phrase is essentially identical in its art with a line of Crashaw's which we italicise. Each is singularly felicitous in its expression ; and each, if carried one step further, would have been a conceit.

All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee,
All thy sorrows here shall shine,
All thy sufferings be divine :
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.

Let us end by quoting in its entirety Crashaw's second and very charming love-poem, the “ Horoscope.” It is more nearly free from conceit than any other complete poem. Indeed the very motive of it is so essentially a slight fantasy that a little fantasy in the execution appears almost permissible, because harmonious with the central idea. The last two stanzas of the fanciful trifle could not well be improved in their airy grace : the subtle music and the subtle expression seem to beget each other :—

Love, brave Virtue's younger brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother ;
She consults the conscious spheres
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks, if sad, or saving powers,
Gave omen to his infant hours ;
She asks each star that then stood by,
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way ?
Are these the beams that rule thy day ?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book ;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of man's fate :

Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
 Have taught thee new astrology ;
 Howe'er Love's native hours were set,
 Whatever starry synod met—
 'Tis in the mercy of her eye
 If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
 Points of death, bid Love be gone :
 (Though the Heavens in council sat
 To crown an uncontrollèd fate,
 Though their best aspects twined upon
 The kindest constellation,
 Cast amorous glances on his birth,
 And whispered the confederate Earth
 To pave his paths with all the good
 That warms the bed of youth and blood)
 Love hath no plea against her eye :
 Beauty frowns, and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
 And gild the hopes of humble Love :
 (Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
 Lay black on Love's nativity ;
 Though every diamond in Jove's crown
 Fixed his forehead to a frown :)
 Her eye a strong appeal can give,
 Beauty smiles, and Love shall live.

O, if Love shall live, O where
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breast, or in her breath,
 Shall I hide poor Love from Death ?
 For in the life ought else can give,
 Love shall die, although he live.

Or, if Love shall die, O where
 But in her eye, or in her ear,
 In her breath, or in her breast,
 Shall I build his funeral-nest ?
 While Love shall thus entombèd lie,
 Love shall live, although he die !

The melody of those two final stanzas is bewitching. Were six more delectably-modulated lines ever written for the ravishment of all sensitive ears ? No less noticeable are they as an example of delightful repetition, in which (as in nearly a

judicious echoing) the verbal repetition corresponds to a repetition of idea. So artfully precise is the iteration of cadence, that in the respectively parallel lines of the two verses, the very position of the *cæsura* is exactly preserved.

Those who are able and willing to sift the gold in so rich a stream as that from whose sands we have washed these few handfuls, will assuredly experience no disappointment in the work of the Catholic whom even the Protestant Cowley could address as "Poet and Saint."

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Rain Raineth.

THERE are diamonds hung on the spray,
And sea-fog blown from the bay,
The world's as wet as a river,
O thrush, sing now, or sing never,
Spring seems far away.

Sing out, O blackbird, my king,
My heart is sick for the Spring,
And O, the drenching grey weather
With April half through her tether,
And May on the wing !

For I think when the hawthorn blows,
And the lily's in bud, and the rose,
Perhaps one would scarcely remember
To grieve for a day of November ;
—— But nobody knows !

And the nests deserted last year
Have a houseful, downy and dear ;
The thrush has got a new lover,
(But O, my kind Winter that's over !)
The Summer is near !

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE COLLEGIAN.

THE COLLEGES OF ROME.

THE student of the English world of school is at a loss in Rome—the characteristics of English and Roman Colleges are so different. Stonyhurst, Ushaw, Beaumont, Oscott, the Oratory, are indeed homes of widely diverging characteristics, and each calls up a differently moulded typical schoolboy ; but they bear comparison withal, and they are all united by some common bond ; their fights are often on the same field, their victories are always an alternate division of the same spoils ; there is a feeling akin to brotherhood among their members ; they send out to the same country men with the half mould of bestowed principles to complete, as it were, hand in hand in the same pursuits, the education which is to be the work of their lifetime. But in Rome all this is changed. The Colleges are minute nationalities. There is a bond, but it is a changed one. The same words might, indeed, in part explain the union, but the burden of their meaning would be differently charged. Their fights are often on the same field ; their victories are always an alternate division of the same spoils—but the fights, the fields, the victories, the spoils, have a different meaning in Rome. The schoolboy of England burning for the fame of the future, heedless of the competition, fights with his rivals, if he be in any way thoughtful of the ends of his school life, with a sense of winning his early laurels, with a feeling of an ambitious surmounting of the first obstacles, that has an intoxication which is the unique

mark of secular education, be it mingled with an ecclesiastical course as it may. But the silent toil, the unambitious, hard-working preparation of the Roman Colleges, the divergence between them of tongue and habitude, make their fights battles of another sense, their victories conquests of another meaning; and their spoils—they are the step to the sub-diaconate, the hand-anointing of the priesthood. There is no eager self-questioning, "What shall I be?" only the same answer always repeated to the question asked in past years perhaps, in English homes, in German cottages, among the lakes and mountains of Scotland and Ireland, in the shrines of Spain, in some rocky hill-capping town of the Campagna, even away in Syria, in Africa, and in America, North and South—for of all these nationalities and more are there representative Colleges in Rome. Thus are the characteristics of English and Roman Colleges things apart, distinct modes; and to one who observes, the Colleges of Rome are, after an experience of the Colleges of England, as new a life, as novel expressions of education, as to the devout Christian a sudden plunge into a Buddhist Monastery would be a new and startling expression of religious forms; not in degree, but in kind.

THE Roman Colleges are minute nationalities; and, I suppose, in the interior economy of each College each nationality exhibits its own characteristic. But they are all nicely distinguished, even to the most casual observer, by their different mode of dress; or rather by the different colour of the portions of their dress, whose shape is regulated on, more or less, the same principle. It consists, allowing for a different placement of buttons, and matters of detail that can only be known to the wearers, of a cassock and sash, surmounted by a kind of loose, sleeveless garment, fitting round the cassock, hooked at the neck, with two strips (in some cases one) of cloth hanging from shoulder to heel; it is known

by the name of *soprano*. Placed at the extreme ends of the poles of colour distinguishing the different Colleges, are the English and Germans—the English dress, characteristically, consisting entirely of black, in every detail; the German dress, not characteristically, consisting of a very vivid scarlet, also in every detail. Far away in the streets of the town, the Germans are always to be seen and known, as one looks down from the height of any among the many hills of Rome, upon the windings of its lanes. Certainly if any man possessed a prejudice against the German nation, which extended even to a dislike of meeting, the German students will always give him an ample warning; but the bulls! It would be tedious to describe the colour of dress, as it differs for each College; the Irish College, however, has a mixture of black and red; the Scotch, purple, black, and a sash of red; Propaganda, black and red, with a cassock of curious shape, and a button mystery in connexion with it impossible of description. The White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie preserve the dress of their future life in their life of preparation, being the *alumni* of an Order; so the Benedictines of San Anselmo wear the Benedictine dress, and not the coloured garments of a Roman College. What the origin of these different dresses of distinction might have been, unless students possibly became inextricably mixed up as they emerged from the halls of lecture, cannot, I suppose, be said now; they have grown up with the traditions of ecclesiastical Rome, and unconsciously they add a large element of gay picturesqueness even to the picturesqueness of this age-worn city, as through its streets the *cameratas* fly—they have a habit of walking very fast—like bodies of butterflies with purple and red and blue and yellow wings.

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THE founders of the English College were wise in their generation—the practical founders were the Jesuits—and pitched its

site in the most fashionable quarter of Rome. It is true that the Pope presented the land to the founders of the College ; but it is certain that had that position been situated in a quarter of the town remote from the conflux of society, it would have been sold and changed for another, to say nothing of the influence probably brought to bear on the Pontiff previously. And therefore in a handsome house, with a court and gardens, hard by the Palazzo Farnese and its splendid Piazza, the English College was founded ; where in the spring evenings, when all work, in the Papal days of the sixteenth century, was closed at six o'clock, the carriages of all the great ones of Rome, Cardinals and Princes and high-ranked foreigners, made their way ; where illuminations and bands, and gaiety and forgetfulness, filled the hours of the day, whose every evening was a festival ; where the many churches hard by flashed back the sunlight from their marbles in the noonday, and grew dim with a veil of half-light as the night set in, which is a quality all their own ; and where a few steps led to the Bridge of St. Angelo and the Colonnade of Bernini, which, half completed in those days, dazzled the eye with the whiteness of the stone which has now been dimmed to a venerable duski-ness. Thus the English College was the centre of the fashion of its day, and prospered and was known better than any other College of the time, as the hospice of the English and the home of English society in Rome. But its founders were wise only in their own generation ; and fashion, flying like the day from the night, slowly moved from the English College, and fixed its centre at a more northern quarter of the town. And so the College changed its form necessarily, and sank (or rose) from the proud (or undignified) position of a gathering centre for the fashionable English, to a College like any other College in Rome, only—its award in the eternal rhythm for past gaiety—a little more humble, a little more remote. But Time cannot pale, obscurity cannot shadow the lustre given to it by the blood of many martyrs, whose lives in its walls, and whose death in vindi-

cation of its inculcated principles, crown it unfadingly with the merited flowers of a venerable maternity.

THE Scots College, whose untiring Rector is the Right Rev. Monsignor Campbell, is situated more in the swim. Its site is about the midway point between the long street which stretches from the hill of the Pincio to Santa Maria Maggiore, changing its name three times in the passage, from Trinità de 'Monti to Via Sistina, Via delle Quattro Fontane, and, finally, Via Agostino Depretis. In the portion known as Via delle Quattro Fontane, the Scots College is placed, and I have often marvelled, in passing, how skilfully the line of windows and ground line cut proportionally to the hill which up and down in its immense narrow stretch resembles nothing so closely as an immense switchback railway. The College itself is a very large corner building, built in light-coloured stone. The large doors open into a corridor running transversely, containing on one side of the great staircase the refectory, on the other reception rooms. The staircase itself, very wide, with easy narrow steps—a boon in Rome—leads up to four galleries, and down to the church. On the first gallery are situated a private chapel, the library, and the Rector's rooms; on the second gallery students' rooms and the Vice-Rector's rooms; on the third, other rooms, and two rooms formerly known as the Bishop's, now occupied by a student, a priest, in delicate health; the fourth gallery contains more rooms for students, above which a small door leads out upon the roof, to one who gazes from which there springs to sight a glorious view of Rome, with the everlasting dome facing directly opposite, and a semi-circular sweep of the Campagna, whose spaces in this late spring have already grown "more radiant and less mellow," and have been dimmed again by the innumerable waves of flowers—"a dust of flowers, the desert blossoming like the rose." The church, a small but devotional building, stands

next to the College, with entrance through a sacristy from within, and also an entrance from without ; it is much resorted to by English residents, as being almost the centre point round which lie the homes of most among them, the English colony loving to rest in the Piazza di Spagna and the streets near to it, which are as the branches of a tree to the nest where the situation of the Scotch College lies.

A CEREMONY which was a favour of special distinction, permitted by the Cardinal Vicar, and which has not taken place in the Scots College for more than a hundred years, was performed by Archbishop Stonor a few weeks ago, in the ordination of two young students, one formerly a scholar at Scotch seminaries, the other, Father Sheil, the developed outcome of English Collegian life, he having been a student both at the Birmingham Oratory and Beaumont. It was Archbishop Stonor's first ordination, and was therefore an event of special magnitude. The ceremony passed off successfully ; a breakfast to those invited, who had been allowed to enter, passed off equally successfully ; and a yet greater success was a dinner provided for a dozen guests, in honour of the occasion. It may seem perhaps somewhat strange to the casual reader that for so long a time as a hundred years no ordination had been celebrated there ; but he would in that case forget that all the ordinations in Rome take place on the days specially allotted to them in the Church liturgy, and that few students are ordained except on those days, and in the splendid apse of St. John Lateran.

ON Holy Saturday such an ordination took place, and from the early morning till late at noon the students, in number more than a hundred, were collected from the different Colleges in the church, to receive ordination—some the first step of the tonsure,

and others, through the whole *gamut*, the priesthood ; to some it is the opening day, the passing of the first gates ; to others the unlocking of the last doors and the wandering out to the fields of a life of unending ministry. Perhaps the ordination of Holy Saturday is connected with the most impressive incidents of the ceremonial year. In the morning all Rome is bathed in silence by the stoppage of every bell ; and those who know what an ideal spring day in silence is in Italy, will realise the stillness on that day of this year, which was cloudless, breezeless, and all hushed. It is computed that at St. John's the *Gloria in excelsis* will be reached at about eleven o'clock, and at that hour therefore all the bells are bidden to be tolled. First, therefore, a hush that was most divine, most solemn ; then the distant chime of eleven from some clock ; and *then*, the crashing of a thousand bells—some small-toned and quick, like fairy laughter in their tinkle ; some solemn and loud, like the laughter of a giant (but all laughing) ; some full-toned and sonorous ; some woefully cracked, like an old man's giggle—a world of sound, startling the birds who flew above the domes and from the ground in chirping chorus, waking the city to life, as windows were thrown open, and men drank in the universal sound, and ran down to the streets, and cried the *buona Pasqua* ; while in St. John's the ordination of many College boys proceeded solemnly, and the outer joy diffused a higher spiritual exultation to those whose fields of battle are different from the battle-fields of an English schoolboy, but who shall say that they are less glorious ?

THE SCOTS COLLEGE, VALLADOLID.

MR. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, M.P., contributes the following article to a contemporary :—

“ Gloomy, vaulted roofed corridors, the stone flags re-echoing our footsteps, looking out into a courtyard garden out of which tall cypresses rise up and tower over the red tiled roofs, cleaving

the damp January sky ; the monotonous fall of rain drops from the dripping eaves ; a neat stone flagged refectory, the long solid wooden tables on which are coarsely made but beautiful jugs of Valencian pottery ; Mary, Queen of Scots, looking down from the wall in the gloaming ; fronted by Temple of Temple, one of the founders and his Spanish wife ; the iron studded door, a long low solid building full of nooks and corners, a silver lamp swinging before a shrine, a veiled kneeling figure at a side altar, an air of complete rest and quiet—such is my first impression of the Scottish College at Valladolid. How many Scotchmen have ever heard of it ? How many visited it ? That this should be the case with Protestants is not strange ; but how many Catholics when in Spain have knocked at its doors ? And yet it was one of the few places in which a Scottish priest could be educated by Scottish priests at one time.

Still this College, this little bit of Scotland, lost in the heart of Castile, with its pictures of Stuart kings, its flavour of old world, is not a place that any Scotchman may behold unmoved. Philip II. founded it, perhaps, from mixed motives. Who does not act from mixed motives ? Locality, perhaps, influences motives ; the Bloody Mary of England is the Pious Mary of Spain ; Claverhouse, detested in Ayrshire, is admired in the Highlands. No matter, let us not judge his motives, but merely thank him for having presented to us a memorial of his life and times. However, in a long rambling street of the decaying and famous Spanish capital the College stands. Hard by Cervantes lived, and wrote the second part of "Don Quijote ;" close by Columbus died poor and broken-hearted ; not far off dwelt Gondomar. Somehow it has always seemed to me that in these decaying towns, such as Valladolid, that the men of the past, the men who walked and swaggered in their cloaks and French sleeves, who discovered the Indies and condemned a heretic apparently with the same pleasure, are the real inhabitants, and that the actors of to-day, dressed in their nine-

teenth century hats and clothes, are the ghosts. And so when the ponderous street door with its curious mediæval knocker was opened, and I had exchanged greetings with the Rector and priests, the present seemed to melt away, all the din and confusion of modern life to vanish, and the place began to people itself (to my eyes) with Temples of Temple ; out of every nook and dark corner came a Jesuit ; Suarez, the great casuist, and many more. Across the silent courtyard came Father Del Puente, another famous Jesuit, and from silent chapel and dark passage seemed to emerge the silent Scottish priests, the Jacobites, who in disguises lurked in English manor-houses and Scottish castles. The men who occupied the "priest's chamber" in the homes of the Catholic families, who came and went, whose life was a mystery ; and who now lie buried in the chapel here. The curious collection of relics, the writing of St. Thomas Aquinas, the autograph of St. Teresa, and many curious pictures, all passed into the care of this Community of Scots Spaniards.

Looking round the College with its air of rest and quiet, one is at once impressed with the idea that it was a fit place in which to educate men to minister to the scattered Catholic counties in Scotland, in the glens of Lochaber, in the upland parishes of Aberdeenshire ; a place in which to bring up men to face persecution, to endure the scoffs of a herd meekly, and perhaps to face martyrdom. Its air of piety and silence must have communicated itself to its inhabitants. The chapel and the building generally are in the usual style of Jesuit architecture, Italian in style, fine in proportion, perhaps too highly ornamented ; inside, on the altars, the Spanish decorator has set his tinsel hands. The roof, fine and well arched, the choir gallery, unlike that of most Spanish churches, is at the end ; another peculiarity, too, is the flooring of fine wood, I do not believe to be seen in another church in all Spain. Two priests I saw and the Rector—the pupils I did not see—one priest a

native of Aberdeenshire, the other an Irishman—need I say a Home Ruler.

And the Rector, Father Macdonald; how shall I describe him? Often have I read of, never seen such a priest. In Redgauntlet, in Scott generally, in Jacobite legend, but never in the flesh till then. Tall, thin, very picturesque. A Highlander of the Highlanders (from Strathglas), a gentleman of the old school, a cosmopolitan speaking many tongues, withal a Scotchman at heart, the tears starting to his eyes as he spoke of Lochaber, unvisited for fifty years. Grave, courteous, such a man as must have come and gone betwixt Spain and England in times gone by on perilous messages, such a sort of man as would have been a dignitary of the Church; but time goes well with him. I hear that not a few Scottish priests have been educated in Valladolid, and know the old College and its good red wine better than I do; but I hear that in the latter days few Scottish laymen visit it. I would not have them forget it, either Catholics or Protestants. I hear that Scottish Catholic families are rare; but there are still a few remaining, and to them I say it is almost a sacred duty, when in Spain, to visit Valladolid. And so I have written this letter, urged by the deep impression made on me by this short visit to this bit of last-century Scotland extinct, if I may say so, with very choice Castilian. And because, in particular, I think that it has enabled me to understand better much that has hitherto seemed to me a neutral page in Scottish history.

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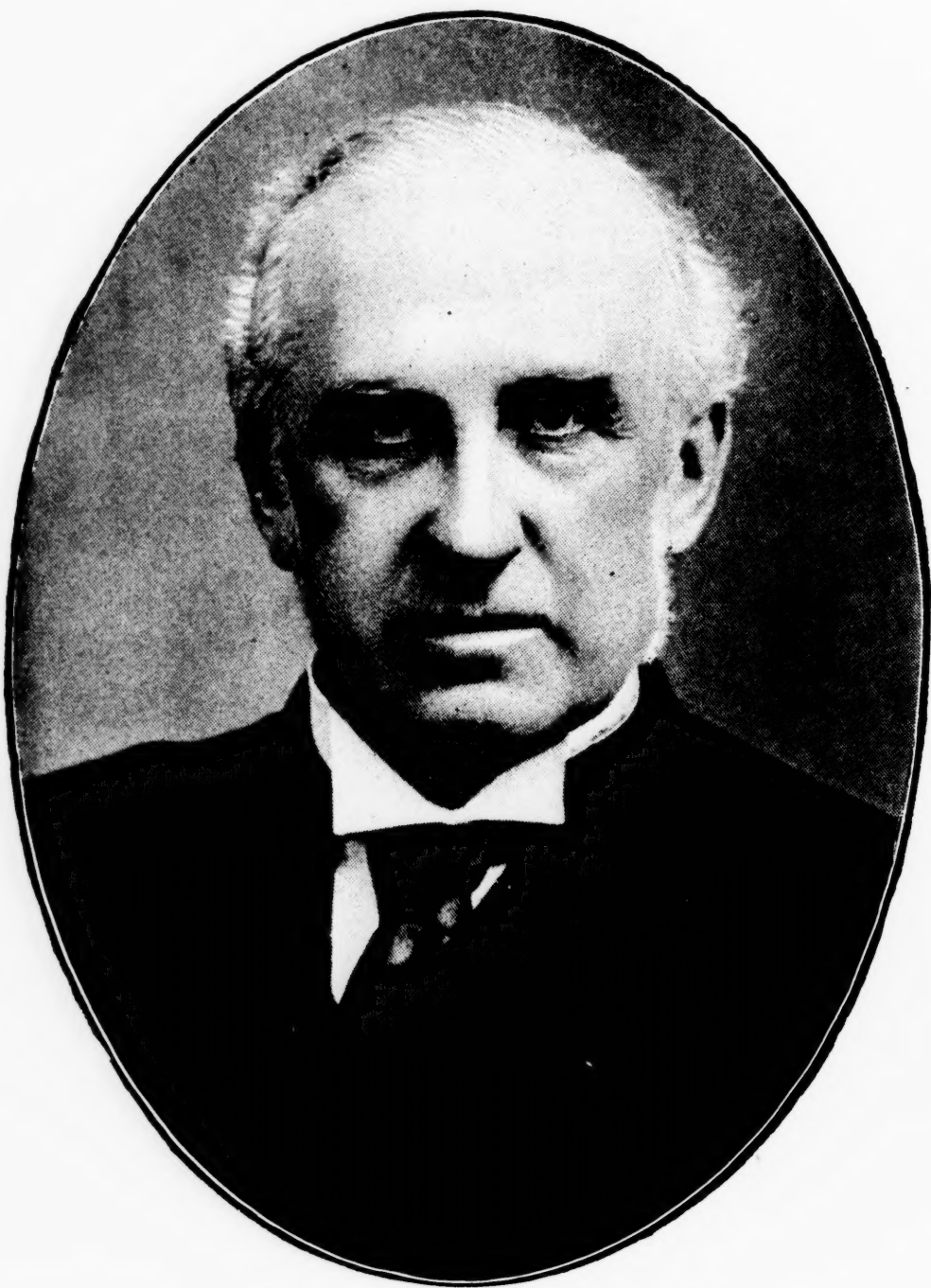
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